

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General

IN the "Widow Bedott Papers" the Deacon is recorded as saying, "We are all poor, weak critters." In the Gamey investigation and the circumstances surrounding it, it has been made clear that there is at least one "poor, weak critter" who has been elected to the Legislature. Though we may suspect that he is not the only "poor, weak critter" in the bunch, we should probably restrain our uncharitable ness—a mental attitude to which we are all so prone—and not group either the Government or the Opposition members, or both, as all, or most of them, being equally vain and unworthy of confidence. It is only dyed-in-the-wool rascals who assert that there is no honor in business, politics, religion or social life. The man who is most uncharitable is likely to be the most untrustworthy, for it becomes evident by his conversation that he has associated more with scoundrels than with honest people. The man who does not believe in the honor of women, either must have had a poor mother or seen very little of her, and in his adult years his female associates must have been such as even a brazen rascal would hardly care to introduce to his quasi-respectable friends. The man most ready to rob his creditors is the one who never allows anybody to become his debtor. It would be a hard thing to believe that all our public men are garbed in robes of hypocrisy, are looking for opportunities to benefit themselves by betraying others, that indeed those in whom we have learned to have confidence are whited sepulchres and are the embodiments of a lie which they have acted or repeated so often that they have become estranged from the truth. That one man has brought down on the principal province of Canada an avalanche of filth from which it will take us years to become cleansed, does not necessarily mean that all the people are politically unclean or fail to desire good things in government.

It is not being argued that the man Gamey is a solitary example, for it would be too much to say that he is the only unclean thing in the province. The records of the courts show that he is not alone as a "poor, weak critter," but those who have studied these records closely have not far to delve before they find the source of his evil inspiration and the strength of his temptation. I have not found in studying the moral nature of the "weak critter" any difficulty in dividing the blame, for no man out of a reasonably clean heart commercially, morally or religiously, evolves, without a temptation, such unwholesome tendencies as have been manifested by the Member for Manitoulin. It may not be right to express these opinions just now, but the sub judice aspect of the case seems to have been entirely suspended by Gamey's excursion to Buffalo and the circumstances which are supposed to have caused it, and his return. I am trying to look at it in a purely psychological way, which is without contempt of court or a desire to shield either the tempter or the tempted.

The whole consensus of public opinion is that Gamey was bought. The purchase price evidently was not sufficient to enable the person purchased to ignore his possessions or desert the place where he had been honored by election and was doing a profitable business. The purchaser in the matter, viewing it purely as a commercial transaction, should, to make the deal effectual, have made the price sufficient to make the venal legislator completely his chattel. Probably this mistake will be avoided by politicians hereafter if they still continue in need of supporters and the people insist on such narrow majorities that every man with a price will loom up either distinctly or vaguely as one who can be "influenced." The contumely which was heaped upon him, the disgust which was everywhere manifested, appear to have been too much for the recreant Gamey, who decided that the role of patriot—"the last refuge," as has been said—would be more workable than the role he had adopted of looking after the best interests of New Ontario. It is no slight matter for a man to sacrifice the good opinion of his neighbors, nor can anyone reckon lightly that public esteem which seems so trivial when it is in one's possession, yet the withdrawal of which is the infliction of hell on earth to the one who has sacrificed for money that which is of inestimable more value. Gamey saw reflected in no face the friendship which the people once bore him, but at many railroad platforms baskets of over-ripe eggs were awaiting his appearance. For a week and, as it will appear, a knavish nature, this was too much to be endured. Money and patronage shrank into small proportions compared with the animosity which was manifested. He found it impossible to live up to the Yankee idea of an honest politician, "one who stays bought," and projected himself into the arms of his old friends, who foolishly welcomed the prodigal and made his case their own. The flight to Buffalo and subsequent and successful efforts to obtain his return are well known to all newspaper readers, and it need hardly be said that the nausea which his name occasions is general. No matter what he says or does, after his ignominious flight and return he is at least will be branded until the end of his days as a skunk who has brought his friends as well as his enemies, if one can believe that he is not an enemy of all good people, into disrepute.

Then there is the other phase of this unsavory case, which the judges have decided to investigate regardless of the presence or absence of the Gamey thing. It is the culpability of a purchaser. All the circumstances of the case indicate that though Gamey was willing to be bought, he could not have fallen as he did without a purchaser having appeared. It now remains to be seen who this purchaser was and what general interest or knowledge the Government had in the purchase. As I continuously predicted before the elections, and for which I take no special credit as one having great foresight, these neck-and-neck races, these slender majorities, these tense periods during which a government is scarcely sure of being retained, present opportunities for small and unscrupulous men to force themselves upon administration. Men from remote districts who feel themselves quite free from public opinion, futile as the thought may be, would be less than human or more than above the moral average if they did not insist upon receiving advantages to secure their support. Heaven knows we have had enough of this—much more than the general public has ever heard of—and the almost equally divided parties in Ontario have not only approached the possibility of a deadlock, but have made the situation tempting to browbeaters and blackmailers who are not averse to taking advantage of the closeness of the roll calls. One of the Ministers has been openly accused of being the tempter in the incident now being discussed. Unfortunately for him, he has been known as one of the chiefest self-seekers in the Cabinet, several of the members of which are said to have been looking towards selfish advancement rather than public service.

A record is, after all, not a trivial thing. A man whose whole life has been in entire opposition to any charge that is suddenly made against him has the great advantage of being in a general way considered innocent. A man who has been known as ruthlessly seeking his own preferment, and in a public way has identified himself with corporations as opposed to the people, must bear the brunt of much harsh criticism and take his pay in the uncharity of those who are to be his judges. It would be unfair to denounce the tempted without having some reference to the tempter, and in a misdeed of this kind the smart Aleck who sells and the smart Aleck who buys and gets gold-bricked must be held as fairly equal in guilt. Ontario is suffering from one of the baseliest and dirtiest and smallest episodes which has disgraced the history of Confederation.

It would seem that in the matter of patronage and the alleged payment of money, no single member of an administration could carry the thing through without the knowledge of his colleagues. That such things have been attempted by humpbacked Ministers who thought they could teach their leaders to suck eggs, is not new in the history of this country, and that such attempts have been almost universally disastrous appears not to have taught the over-ambitious the

dangers of the methods which they have employed. It is hard to believe that the whole Government was not at least partially aware of what was done, if it was done, yet it is still harder to believe that Mr. Ross, a man whose place in history is assured, and whose place in some government is a certainty, would consent to so ignominious and filthy a fraud to maintain himself in a petty power which he himself must esteem as much less than he deserves to hold. This view is confirmed by an examination of his Cabinet. The majority of the men who are his advisers were inherited, not selected by himself. Some, at least, of them forced their way into the Cabinet at critical moments like the present. They are older in office than the members of the House, and have been retained because they could not be got rid of. I venture to say that if Mr. Ross had had the choosing of his Cabinet when he came into power he would have selected a very different variety of men. But partisan elections made the fight so close that it was impossible for him to make a new selection. In Latin-American countries these things are cured by revolutions; in self-governing countries they are supposed to be cured by elections. In this province, however, there has been neither an overturn of the Government nor a reconstruction of it. The weaker members of the Cabinet have survived several Premiers, and the weakest element of the party is now in control, Hon. Mr. Ross himself being the only conspicuously able man in the whole outfit. Self-seeking and a devotion to corporation influences have been the standard of many of

sins, tea and cigarettes which were provided to make the passage of Lee Yung's soul something in the nature of a picnic. Men who have been without regard of Christian doctrine, when they die are preached over the rough places and their remains are handled as if nothing should be left undone which Christian formalism might possibly suggest. When men and women die, all their relatives, no matter whether they are poor or rich, think that they are doing the deceased a great service if they omit nothing which might possibly commend the soul of the departed to those who are supposed to have charge of the gates Above. It is no doubt a commendable impulse, for if anything were left out might it not cause an inconvenient jolt to the departed? It is easy to make fun of Celestials, but Celestials might easily make fun of us. On Wednesday we had a state funeral which attracted a great attention as any parade which has taken place in Toronto for many years, yet many spectators rushed away to see a fight on a side street. One might easily enquire what it all was for. What there was noble and grand of the departed Lieutenant-Governor, ex-Minister of the Crown and Premier of the province, had days before departed yet in honor of his distinguished services the bells tolled and the bands played and the great cortege wound its way up to the cemetery. That that was any benefit to him nobody can conceive, any more than that the late Lee Yung was able to feed on spiritual raisins, roast chicken, tea and cigarettes. One of the most incomprehensible phases of humanity is the desire to do everything for the dead which was omitted

benevolence, the entertainment of friends, and the minding of one's own business, have long been at a discount. The man who emerges from a privacy which has been of more advantage to his fellow men than the strutting about on platforms would have been, is discouraged. People say "He has earned no public preferment. What business has he to ask the people to give him an office for which he has not prepared himself by public pursuits?"

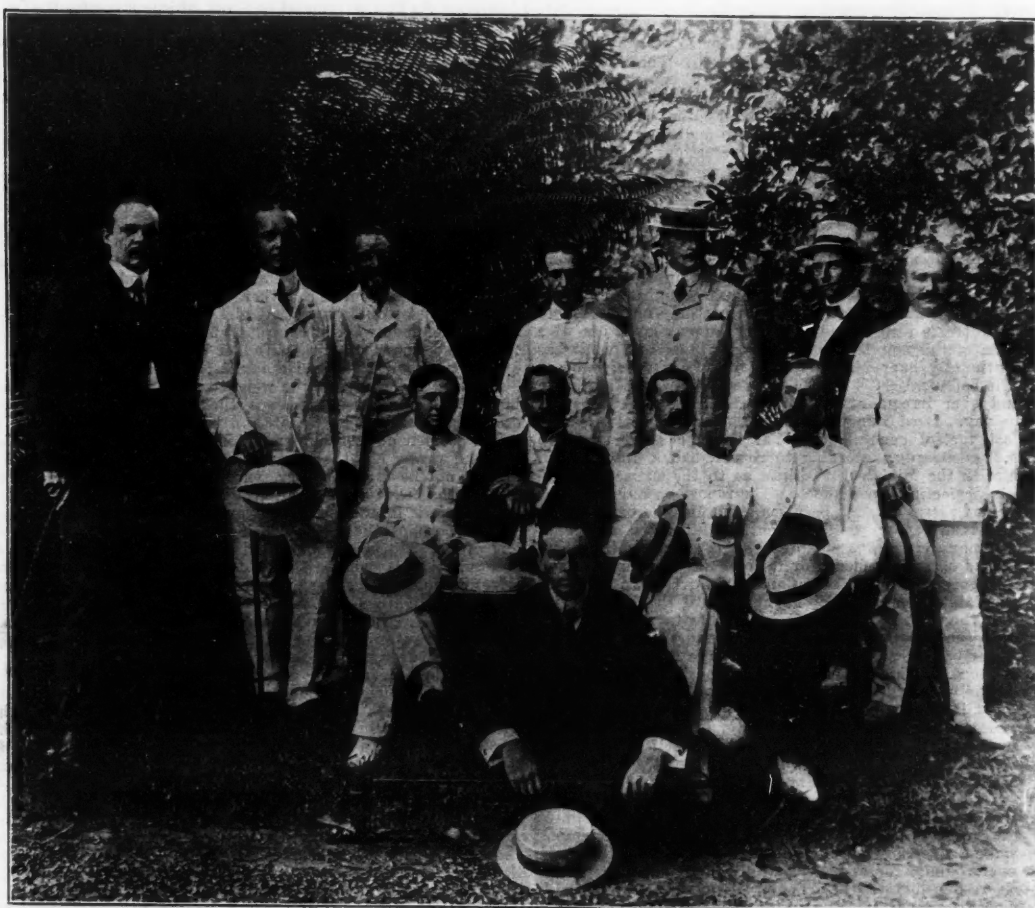
The whole tendency of this sort of thing has been to encourage a class of professional politicians who live on campaign funds and devote their time to obtaining office or emoluments for themselves and their friends. Unto those who have shall be given, and unto those who have not shall be taken away that which they appear to have, is a scriptural aphorism which applies altogether too much to politicians. To my mind it is much better to be a good citizen than a bad politician, and it is better to be surprised, as Mr. Mortimer Clark was by his appointment, than to receive such a prominent position after paying for it on the instalment plan to the collector of campaign funds. Lieutenant-Governor Clark is apt to do absolutely what is fair and just in his high position, as he has been in the habit of doing as a private citizen; and as a man who has never attempted to force people to do as he thought right, as others have done, I can cordially welcome him as the new Chief Executive of this province. No one has a word to say against his appointment except that he did not earn it in a political way. We have reason to thank Heaven that a man has got something that he did not earn in a political way by doing dirty or "miscellaneous" work, for it has been made very evident to us recently that the earning of political preferment is not often a task congenial to the honest and decent personage who loves his home and family, has not been regardless of the needs of the community in which he lives, and is disposed to make his personal influence of value to those about him. The Laurier Government in this instance, as in the appointment of Mr. Winchester to the office left vacant by the lamented Judge Macdougall, has risen superior to the traditions which have been worn down at the heel by partisans and traders chasing patronage.

THE "Globe" never seems satisfied unless its free trade proclivities are recognized by the Government. It sees a bad precedent in Canada's reprisal on Germany, and intimates that we are taxing ourselves in order to slap Germany's face. This sort of logic is woefully tiresome, and if it means anything it would excuse the man whose face is spat upon, carefully removing the saliva and apologizing to the one who inflicted the indignity upon him for being on earth. Self-respect forbids any such humiliating posture, and certainly Canada needs to develop the self-respect in which she has been so conspicuously lacking in her transactions with countries which have made our countenance the spittoon of their diplomacy. The "Globe" admits that the Government's action is immensely popular. Why can it not, for a season at least, encourage the growth of national self-respect, even if as individuals we have to poltice a wounded spot in our fiscal arrangements? That no such polities will be necessary is my confident belief, and all of Germany's threats of reprisal are merely the effervescence of the sauerkraut and beer of German politics.

MAYOR URQUHART, while pursuing what must be esteemed a fairly wise and neutral policy in making himself friends, it seems to me greeted the delegates of the American Federation of Labor with a cordiality which might have contained a little note of warning lest they pursue their plans of increasing wages and pushing the influence of their organization to an extent which will not be tolerated by the conservative elements of this country. There was nothing in his words of welcome which in any way limited his approbation of their methods. I do not propose to take second place to anybody in Canada in my desire to see the status of the workman improved, but I would feel myself very much lacking in the performance of my simple and unofficial task as a journalist if I did not ask these gentlemen not to excite disturbances in our midst which have no justification except in the limitless plans of the labor agitators of the United States. I feel quite confident that labor agitation has gone as far as it can go without hastening the financial disasters which must come to the people—either workers or capitalists—of countries possessed of the overweening pride which precedes a fall. The fixed charges of taxes, rent, insurance, water, local improvements, and the increased price of raw material, have reached their climax, and when these are added increased prices for labor and the extraordinary losses occasioned by strikes, serious trouble must ensue. Though it is pleasant to hear that a man who is a Canadian by birth is secretary of this association, the association itself must feel that when coming into our country it cannot have the same liberties of expression or be as free from the suspicion that labor troubles here will be an advantage to labor in the United States, as when it is talking to audiences on its own side of the line.

OUR clerical brethren, even on the verge of their summer holidays, seem inclined to take a parting tug at each other's hair. At the General Ministerial Association on Monday, Rev. E. Barker arraigned the preachers of to-day for neglecting to preach the doctrines of judgment and punishment of sin. He was not without endorsement, but Rev. Dr. Milligan declared that "if he held such views he would go back to Popery," and Rev. J. A. Macdonald, the editorial cleric who is playing the dual role of politician and pulpiteer, backed him up in this contention. Mr. Macdonald, with a liberality which is probably born of the editorial side of his life, attributed the remarks of Mr. Newell at Massey Hall on this subject to "ignorance." "Ignorance" is a frightful word to use in a clerical association, for our clerical brethren esteem themselves absolutely free from this prevalent weakness. To call a preacher "ignorant" is to pound him in the solar plexus, and even Rev. Mr. Macdonald is a bold man to introduce this damaging word into a pious dispute. Is it possible that the Bible teacher who drew such immense audiences to Massey Hall was talking "ignorantly," though volubly, of sacred subjects to the thousands who listened open-mouthed to his words? It is a disheartening thought which is thus forced on our consideration, for if a distinguished man who makes Bible teaching his business talks "ignorantly" what must we think of the thousands who are "called" from the plough into the pulpit without proper preparation, and there Sunday after Sunday rack our souls into unrest by torturing us with doctrines which have their basis in "ignorance" and their climax in brimstone? Possibly if there were examinations arranged by the General Ministerial Association, this stumbling-block of "ignorance" would result in the rejection of every member of that distinguished body, though what is regarded as ignorance in the individual mind would probably prove to be nothing more serious than a difference of opinion on the part of members of the Association.

WHEN protest was made in these columns against the acceptance of the Carnegie gift of \$350,000, it was on the general lines that the acceptance of such a sum which the city had not earned was likely to cause the degeneracy of public spirit. Excited by this large and practically unnecessary amount, a movement for the bedevilment of the Library has already begun. The Architectural Society of Eighteen, practically unheard of before, are urging Librarian Bain, or Librarian Bain is urging them, to boom an uptown site for the new library. This Tooley street organization of public opinion has declared that the new library should be located somewhere about the intersection of College street and Queen's avenue, at any rate not further east than that nor further west than Spadina. The ipse dixit of the architects is not issued as a suggestion, but as a finality with which everyone must agree or be conspicuously and stupidly in the wrong. As a matter of fact, these architectural sharps are talking rubbish. The leisurely class who do not go down town to business or to work have plenty of time to visit the



GROUP OF CANADIAN TOURISTS AND BUSINESS REPRESENTATIVES AT TRINIDAD.

(See Page 5)

In the top row from left to right are Messrs. J. Grant McIntosh, merchant, Trinidad; Walter Gow, barrister, of Blake, Lash & Company, Toronto; J. M. Smith, superintendent of electric traction, Halifax; H. E. Thompson of the Slater Shoe Company, Montreal; B. H. Humble of Messrs. Hiram Walker & Sons, Walkerville; E. G. Sadler, of the Confederation Life, Ormstown, Que.; H. R. Tilley, also of the Confederation Life, Toronto. Seated on the bench from left to right are Messrs. J. H. R. Gillespie, Manufacturers' Life, Toronto; W. N. King, Sun Life, Montreal; A. D. McCrae, manager of the Union Bank, Halifax; E. E. Sheppard, president Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto. Kneeling below is Lieut. H. Denison of H. M. S. "Indefatigable," son of the late Lt.-Col. Fred Denison, M. P.

the hacks who have obtained or retained position. No matter how the Gamey trial may result, this must change. The Opposition may seem to present very poor timber for Cabinet making, but either the change must come because Mr. Ross says so or it must come because he will no longer have any say. I have endeavored to present the matter in its mildest form, but the consensus of public opinion is so unanimously settled on this point that it would be folly to endeavor to make any concealment; and, moreover, it would seem to be an act of mere prudishness when the investigation has been so seriously interrupted, to wait for a decision of the judges. As I have always contended, this is a matter for the people, not so much for the courts, and this phase of the case has been emphasized by the Dominion Government appointing a Lieutenant-Governor who is entirely free from any active interest in party affairs. The episode has been most regrettable, but it is only the climax of a long series of incidents tending to prove to every fair-minded person that a single statesmanlike man has been endeavoring to govern the province with some bad advisers near his ear, and that power has fallen into the hands of men who, by a long continuance in authority, begin to esteem it as theirs and propose to hold it as against what we must confess is a weak Opposition, regardless of the methods employed.

THE "Telegram" has particularly distinguished itself in this Gamey business. Up to the time that the member for Manitoulin projected himself into public notice the "Telegram" had two heroes, R. L. Richardson and "Joe" Martin, neither of whom has been canonized by any other newspaper. The "Telegram," however, hailed the entrance into public life of Gamey with most preposterous plaudits, declaring that he had done more for the Conservative party than anybody since Sir John A. Macdonald. It welcomed him as the John the Baptist of the Opposition, as a patriot, and as a self-sacrificing harbinger of purer politics. The trinity which the "Telegram" worshipped for a time was an odd one and it has been forced to erase the name of Gamey. Hereafter public men will probably prefer to be in the index expurgatorius rather than on the roll of honor of the "Telegram."

COMMENT is made in an evening paper on the burial of a Christian Chinaman in Mount Pleasant cemetery. It considers it strange that a member of the Metropolitan Church over whom Christian funeral ceremonies were performed, should have been lighted on his way to the other world by tapers, burning joss-sticks, and all sorts of things to enliven the gloom of Lee Yung's passage across the gloomy Styx. If the writer had only thought of how nearly our own burial rites are a copy of paganism, he would not have been astonished at the presence of the roast chickens, candies, rais-

ins, tea and cigarettes which were provided to make the passage of Lee Yung's soul something in the nature of a picnic. Men who have been without regard of Christian doctrine, when they die are preached over the rough places and their remains are handled as if nothing should be left undone which Christian formalism might possibly suggest. When men and women die, all their relatives, no matter whether they are poor or rich, think that they are doing the deceased a great service if they omit nothing which might possibly commend the soul of the departed to those who are supposed to have charge of the gates Above. It is no doubt a commendable impulse, for if anything were left out might it not cause an inconvenient jolt to the departed? It is easy to make fun of Celestials, but Celestials might easily make fun of us. On Wednesday we had a state funeral which attracted a great attention as any parade which has taken place in Toronto for many years, yet many spectators rushed away to see a fight on a side street. One might easily enquire what it all was for. What there was noble and grand of the departed Lieutenant-Governor, ex-Minister of the Crown and Premier of the province, had days before departed yet in honor of his distinguished services the bells tolled and the bands played and the great cortege wound its way up to the cemetery. That that was any benefit to him nobody can conceive, any more than that the late Lee Yung was able to feed on spiritual raisins, roast chicken, tea and cigarettes. One of the most incomprehensible phases of humanity is the desire to do everything for the dead which was omitted

when they were alive. It is a very trite saying that what we do for the living is appreciated and what we do for the dead is ineffectual. Yet we cannot blame the Chinese for taking every possible precaution, even in the light of their half conceived Christianity, to make the passage of a soul as comfortable as possible.

THE appointment of Mr. W. Mortimer Clark, K.C., as Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, caused the greatest possible surprise to that element which considers itself "in the know." The clubs and the sitting-rooms behind the fashionable bars contained many people who thought the appointment the most preposterous disregard of the claims of politicians who had been liberal subscribers to election funds or active workers in what it is usual to designate as the "thickest of the fray." If anybody has a capacity for overcoming me with weariness it is the "thickest of the fray" politician or the man who has been a "generous subscriber to the fund." The tendency of these gentlemen to expect everything there is going has been a source of trouble to governments ever since the human race changed the tribal relation to an elective system. Perhaps there has been no period of Canadian history which demanded more than the present a distinct object lesson illustrating the fact that offices and honors are not for sale and that everything is not to be lunched into the lap of the fellow who has been putting up for campaign funds or yelling into deafness the ears of the electorate. It is questionable if the man who puts up for general campaign funds is not doing considerable to injure the moral tone of the entire community. If electoral divisions are not capable of paying their own expenses when elections occur, they ought to be unrepresented, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the money put up by office-seekers is used, not to further, but to defeat, the intentions of those who go to the ballot-box. We have had such striking illustrations of this within the last six months that the "liberal subscriber to the campaign fund" cannot be considered as much better than a conspirator against public probity. If a man does not want to go out and talk on election topics he has the sublime privilege of staying at home and talking to himself, or rocking the cradle, or attending vestry meeting, or playing dummy whist or solitaire, or anything else to keep him from feeling lonesome. If a man's soul is torn up with regard to the future of the country, its tariff policy, or anything which is being considered by the public, he has a right to go out and yell himself hoarse and pay his own expenses, and he is rotten-legged if he is unpopular. The tendency of governments to pay men either by a misuse of patronage or in cash for these services should be checked. It is resulting in old political bums, worn-out hacks and foot-lose politicians getting everything that is going. Good citizenship, a tendency towards



Public Library, no matter where it is situated, uptown or downtown. The tens of thousands of people who are forced to toil for a living, in the majority of cases are employed in some place not far from the business center, and can manage to slip into the library at noon hour or on their way home. Many people who are not tied down as to hours but have to be in the business center where they are employed, would find it a dozen times easier to get books from a building in the center of the activities of the city. Even in the case of ladies of reasonable leisure, the majority of them live at as great a distance from the corner of College street and Queen's avenue as from the business center, and as they go down town on excursions or for the purpose of shopping, the library would be much more accessible to them either where it is now or a little further west, than up near the Parliament Buildings. It is to be hoped that the calamity of accepting an enormous gift from a man alien in his ideas and attachments to ourselves, will not proceed to wreck a library which was answering every purpose, by insisting on preposterous notions as to its location. Residents of Toronto who are to use, if anybody is to use, the books, should have more to say with regard to the new location than any coterie of architects manipulating or being manipulated by the chief librarian, presumably to afford special advantages to the student class, who have plenty of time to go for their books wherever those who permanently use the library see fit to place it.

It is to be expected that a newspaper practically owned by a millionaire largely interested in banks and banking should take umbrage at the proposal of the Federal Government to increase the currency by the issue of \$10,000,000 worth of Dominion of Canada bills. The fact that the reserve is not to be increased on the old ratio seems to me to cut very little figure, as the finances of the country are in such an exceedingly good condition that there will be no danger under any circumstances of the note-holders finding the currency depreciating in their hands. The Government is already authorized to issue \$20,000,000 of Dominion notes with a reserve of 25 per cent., which must take the form either of gold or debentures guaranteed by the Imperial Government. In excess of this \$20,000,000, \$13,777,733 had been issued, for which, according to law, dollar for dollar is maintained in reserve, and against the total amount of in round figures \$34,000,000 of currency there is a reserve of \$19,000,000. For the next \$10,000,000 which it is proposed to issue, \$2,500,000 will be added to the reserve, a sum quite sufficient to meet the possibility of any clamor by fearsome people for gold payment. Whether this additional \$10,000,000 is to be used as a Dominion savings bank reserve or put in general circulation, the "News" is somewhat hazy, but under any circumstances it is unimportant. Even if another \$10,000,000 be issued, the demand for small bills is so great that the issue would be a great boon to the public. Why, indeed, should the banks issue over twice as much currency as is issued by the Government? No one thinks, however, that the market, that a Dominion of Canada note is an unsafe thing to hold. Many bills are worn out, destroyed or hoarded up, to the great advantage of the banks, and such increment should accrue to the Government. That banking is an exceedingly profitable thing in Canada and does not need to be babied is made evident by the extraordinary increase in the number of banks and in the amount of currency they are permitted to issue. Canada is in a shape, for that matter, to issue all the notes which are used in business, and though it would be an unwise step to prevent institutions which are so thoroughly localized from having the power to add to the amount of currency in circulation, the Government's proposal is not such as to create a limitation of disadvantage to anyone, while it will be an advantage to everyone who on pay day, or whenever carrying through a small transaction, finds it difficult to obtain small bills.

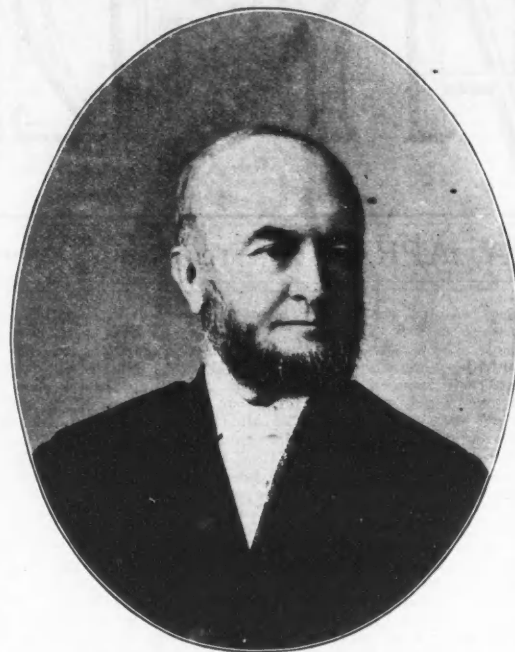
No newspaper in Canada has clamored so persistently as "Saturday Night" for a retaliatory tariff measure aimed at Germany. Shortly after the denunciation of the German treaty by Great Britain at the instance of Canada in order to allow this country to discriminate in favor of Great Britain, Germany inflicted upon our goods a surtax which has made it almost impossible for us to do business with that country. Speaking in round figures and roughly averaging the amounts for the past five years, Canada has been annually buying ten or eleven million dollars' worth of goods, mostly manufactured, from Germany, while Germany has been buying from us a little over a million dollars' worth of our crude products. Why the Canadian Government has sat so patiently under the German lash I cannot conceive, but it has given satisfaction to every Canadian to know that Mr. Fielding in his budget has at last put a surtax of 33 1/3 per cent. on all German goods imported into Canada. This sharp reprisal, late as it is in coming, will teach Germany a much-needed lesson. Of course there are many things imported from Germany, such as brass and small musical instruments, that are not made in Canada and will probably have to be imported from the United States, but even if there is a temporary loss to Canadian buyers the manufacture of those goods will be encouraged in our midst and the prices will not be greatly increased, and only temporarily at worst. The tone of Mr. Fielding's speech on the tariff was stronger than it has ever been. Great Britain was quietly notified that if no preference was given to Canadian grain in British ports the preference to British goods in Canadian ports would be discontinued. Notice was also served on the United States in a very quiet way that we wanted no further truck with Joint Commissions or tin-pan proposals to consider subjects which the United States had already settled in its own mind to the disadvantage of Canada. Though it was noticeable that the Finance Minister's views with regard to protection have been greatly strengthened, I am still of the opinion, as I have been for many years, that the United States needs a little of the medicine which has just been administered to Germany.

The Secretary of the United States Treasury and his assistants are announced in the New York press to be making every possible preparation for the financial pinch which is expected to take place next fall. No special grounds are assigned for the expected stringency of the money market, but the best economists for fully a year have been persistently urging the business men of this continent to look out for breakers. The period specified as likely to prove disastrous in the United States has with one accord been located as after the harvest season, and much weight is attached to the fact that the seven fat years are past and the lean ones are liable to begin. The deadly law of average seems never to be suspended. Good and bad health, happiness and sorrow, prosperity and hard times, seem by rule to be so intermixed that only the exceptional person escapes being bruised in the general whirlwind of time. Everything in Canada points to continued and increased prosperity. Enormous amounts are being expended on railways and public works; mills are being built, mines developed, and railroads constructed in every direction. So large are these expenditures that the general public have reason to believe that more money than usual will be in circulation, and that consequently each person will have a chance to obtain a larger share. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that no financial panic in the United States has ever passed by without leaving severe traces of disaster on this side of the border. We are so closely identified in business, conditions are so nearly the same, and the people so liable to be influenced by the same waves of fear and optimism, that we cannot afford to disregard such warnings as the mushroom-like growth of industrial enterprises and the inflation of stocks furnish us at the shunting-points of prosperity in the United States.

The cut which appears on the first page is a reproduction of a photograph taken in Port of Spain, Trinidad, on the first of March. The group consists of a few Canadians, most of them resident at the hotel, who were doing business on the island. That a dozen Canadians should be assembled in so small a place is suggestive of the interest which the people of this country are taking in those tropical islands. Canadian electric and traction companies control all the principal places; Canadian life insurance companies are doing more business than any others; Canadian goods are being offered for sale as they never were before, and the business men of this country seem to be awakening to the fact that in the British West Indies, which have been considered of so little value, much money can be made. At all the principal points equally large groups of enterprising advance agents of trade could have been got together, the group that is presented being a special work of Mr. Gow of Messrs. Blake, Laish & Cassels, who confesses to a very hard time getting the fellows out of bed and lined up for the photographer. Had a little time been taken a group of twice the size and an equally representative character could have been had.

SIR OLIVER MOWAT has passed to the long rest which he has earned by a life of unceasing activity and unquestioned probity. His departure from the center of Provincial politics at the present moment is to be regretted, as a

## ONTARIO'S NEW LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.



His Honor William Mortimer Clark.

new hand at the helm may not take into consideration some of the exigencies which are developed in the strenuous struggle for power which takes place even in the provinces. His calm and deliberative mind never overlooked, though it sometimes condoned, those startling things which for the moment gave rise to the belief that power was being improperly obtained or retained by the party of which he was the head. His kindly method of addressing those who appealed to him was marvellously conciliatory, and the caution which kept him in office without interruption for so many years was a benefit to his party as well as to himself. The like of him will not be found in many years, and he will pass into history as Sir John Macdonald has done, as one of the grand old men of this Dominion, beloved by all classes and by all parties alike, with a record which will be more enduring as a monument than tablets of brass or massive erections of stone. To have earned the unanimous encomiums of his fellow citizens after exceeding the four score years through which he lasted by reason of his strength, is a greater reward than vast riches or a title which might descend to an unworthy progeny.

THE announcement of Major-General Sir Edward Hutton's probable resignation of his command in Australia, because his estimates for defence were cut down by the Minister, has an interest for Canadians not only on account of General Hutton's former and not very happy connection with the militia of this country, but because it illustrates what has been continually happening here and must continue to occur in all the colonies while British regular officers are placed in command over irregular forces for which colonial taxpayers have to pay. Lord Dunsford, admittedly one of the ablest and most tactful generals the War Office has ever sent to Canada, has already, according to report, had a difference of opinion with the Minister of Militia as to the sums to be expended in perfecting our defences. His report on our needs, as he conceives them, has not been made public, the explanation being that the report was confidential, but it is matter of current rumor that it was not prepared as a confidential document, but as a public scheme for far-reaching and almost revolutionary reorganization of the Canadian forces. To this proposal the Minister of Militia, having regard to the financial aspects of the question, found it impossible to agree, and so suppressed the report. In any event, rumors of Lord Dunsford's early retirement from Canada have become frequent and persistent. If his lordship finds his position here an anomalous one, his experience will only be that of his predecessors, but it is the system that is to blame rather than the peculiarities of individuals. The Minister of Militia is responsible to Parliament and cannot commit himself to a policy which Parliament will not endorse. By no stretch of the imagination can Canada's military necessities be likened to those of a European country. To try to bend Canadian ideas to fit the predilections of an officer reared in the shadow of an exaggerated and oppressive militarism is like attempting to make a river flow up hill. As long as British officers are placed over colonial forces and wield a divided authority with Ministers responsible to the colonial Parliaments, there will be ceaseless friction and no true progress in our militia affairs. Canada and Australia have both outgrown Imperial tutelage even in matters of defence. Those who foot the bill must be permitted to give the orders.

## Sir Oliver Mowat on His Political Experiences.

ABOUT three years ago the editor of "Saturday Night" asked the late Sir Oliver Mowat to mention the episodes which he thought to be the most dramatic in his political experience. It was the intention at the time to collate a number of such narratives from Canadian public men. Sir Oliver promptly responded to the request, and his views, which in the meantime have lain unpublished in the editor's drawer, are now of special value and are here given in his own words, just as he wrote them. In view of recent occurrences the concluding paragraph is peculiarly interesting: "To me personally the most dramatic episode" would perhaps be when Sir John Macdonald in '58 intimated to the House the resignation of his Government, considered up to that moment to be stable beyond the possibility of being shaken. I remember that the announcement brought dismay to some prominent members of the Opposition, Mr. Foley, for example, exclaiming to those around him when the Premier sat down, 'What in the world shall we do now?' Mr. Brown and others of the leaders were more hopeful.

"Another episode which remains in my memory as of special personal interest to me was the meeting of the new Council with His Excellency after being sworn in, the Governor having requested us to meet him on the pretence of hearing what we had respectively to say for dissolution, when it became plain to us that he had made up his mind not to dissolve, whatever we might say. We had not expected this, though the Governor had warned Mr. Brown of its possibility. It was so clearly our constitutional right that we had not doubted that, after talking the matter over with him, His Excellency would authorize dissolution.

"A third episode in which I had a personal concern, and of which I have always a vivid recollection, was the meeting of the Opposition in caucus to hear Mr. Brown explain the coalition project and ascertain whether the members approved or disapproved of going on with the negotiations. It was a full meeting, and included Sandfield Macdonald, and in fact all sections of the Ontario party.

"But a more dramatic incident than those which I suggested was the announcement to the House of the conspiracy discovered on the part of the 'brood of bribers,' confirmed as the announcement was by the production by the speaker of the money which had actually been paid to one of the members and which he had sent to the speaker for the information of the House and the country. The announcement was wholly unexpected on either side of the House. It was made at an evening session, and part of the announcement was that warrants had issued, and that the chief bribers were probably at that moment in the custody of the law. All even moderately good men were horrified on hearing of the conspiracy."

## The Girls of Toronto.

## I.—THE BUSINESS GIRL.

SOME weeks ago, a certain wise man came from the West and remained in the city of Toronto for four long days, during which time he observed the ways and the highways of Toronto. On his return to that suburban region known as St. Thomas, he recorded his impressions in more than several paragraphs, and all of them were unkind and caustic. Especially did he dislike

the young women of Toronto, who, he declared, had no manner of attractiveness, and who refused to regard the passer-by, but looked straight ahead in a fashion described as coldly English. Now, the alien who comes and goes may say hard things about our pavement, and may revile our City Fathers and our street railway system; he may call our town "the Good," with the rising inflection, and may jeer at the picturesque splendor of the Esplanade, but the girls of Toronto are a sacred institution and are not to be disposed of by a light-hearted paragrapher from the West. However, it is an ill-wind of criticism that blows Toronto no good, and the suburban critic has aroused certain of our citizens to consider the girls of Toronto, and verily it is a subject that repays careful and lengthy investigation.

Perhaps the maiden to be observed earliest in the day is she whose air of occupation and dignity indicates that she is bound for the office and not for the bazaar. "The business girls of Toronto have grown into an army whose uniform is not to be despised. In the first place, there is the great consideration of "looks," and here the business girl who belongs to the Queen City has no cause to be afraid. Her complexion is clearer, her eyes are brighter, her whole bearing is more vigorous than you can find among her United States sisterhood. Perhaps it is because her noon-day lunch is less rapid and frivolous. She partakes more freely of rolls than of salad and looks not with daily appreciation upon the pink ice cream, dear both to the heart and digestion of the feminine toiler in Uncle Sam's dominions. There is a certain trimness and decision about the business girl's attire that make her a pleasing object. Not often, in the Toronto ranks, does one behold the array of cheap bracelets and tawdry ornament that disfigure the maiden who does not know her business, and stamp her as helplessly common. Dozens of brisk girls may be seen every morning whose neat walking-skirts, spotless waists and smart coats proclaim their good taste. It is true that they are not looking eagerly about, in the hope of catching the glance of the wayfarer from St. Thomas. It may be that a wise mother has informed them in pinafore days that such conduct is neither becoming nor worth while.

The business girl of Toronto carries herself with self-respect and dignity. She is often a plucky young woman, who has heard the wolf dangerously near the family door, and who has valiantly set him at defiance with the click of a typewriter. She realizes that in this day of labor the woman who earns her living is quite above the pity or condescension of those who have never known the delight of gazing on a crisp bank-note that is all one's own earning. The daintiest hat, coaxed from the paternal victim, can never bring the proud thrill of satisfaction that comes to the girl who surveys the contents of a pyramidal box and whispers confidentially to the cherries and chiffon, "And I got it all myself." There is no "fine, careless rapture" quite so keen as that which comes with the first cheque to the girl who toils. Hence, our Toronto girl holds her head well up on her way to the office, for she knows that her hat is on straight, and that it is a becoming hat of her own providing.

There is one point in connection with the business girl upon which more than one Toronto man can speak with authority. That is her efficiency and integrity as a confidential clerk. There are those who yet profess to believe that woman may not be trusted with a secret—that the details of private business are not safely made known to the woman employee. And all the time, it may be, some wise maiden is carrying the knowledge of the scroffer's affairs in her own heart. There are always women who will tell. But that tendency may have been inherited from the father and may be shared by the brothers. "I would trust that girl with almost any business," said a prominent Toronto capitalist one day last week. And those who know the girl, with her steady grey eyes and her quiet little mouth, are quite aware that his judgment is good. She is a girl who carries the weight of an immense and spreading business, and she receives the magnificent sum of ten dollars a week. There is hardly a large concern in Toronto in which women do not hold positions of trust and responsibility, and rarely are they accused of telling tales out of office. May it not be that the very sense of responsibility has shown woman the beauty of discretion? At any rate, she is often the trusted clerk in enterprises of "great pith and moment."

But perhaps the most pleasing feature about the business girl of Toronto is her ambition. It is surprising to discover how many girls who are busy during the day employ themselves during the evening with music or wood-carving, or something that lightens and varies the everyday work. It is not toil that breaks down and depresses, so much as the dreary sense of monotony. There are many teachers in Toronto who turn on Saturday with actual pleasure to a class in art or music. There is nothing so disheartening to a woman who desires to be something more than a vegetable, as the feeling that the sameness of the task of every day is taking all the freshness and spring out of life. Hence it is good to see the number of Toronto business girls who are learning something beyond the common toil, and who are lending melody to our choruses and strength to our gymnasium classes. Straightway someone arises who wonders if all this ambition will not lead to nervous prostration. It is not ambition, but the crushing of it that makes woman nervous and old and cross. The busy woman who knows that she is doing something, and developing into a finer, stronger human being, has no time either for gazing at the stranger from St. Thomas or for exhibiting a case of nerves. We have many such girls in Toronto who earn their bread cheerfully, and sometimes have a bit of a loaf to give to a less fortunate neighbor.

CANADIENNE.

## A Growsome Joke.

IF there exists a comic element in tragedy the Pasteur treatment for hydrophobia seems to furnish it in lavish profusion. Dr. Charles Bell Taylor of Nottingham, in an article in the "National Review" gave several cases which furnish decisive proof that hydrophobia is sometimes brought on by the Pasteurian inoculations, as the patients referred to died of hydrophobia after undergoing the Pasteurian treatment, while the dogs that bit them remained quite well! The following are some of these cases:

Leopold Nee, bitten at Arras, was subjected to the Pasteurian treatment eight days afterwards, and died of hydrophobia a month later. The dog that bit him was perfectly healthy. Arthur Stobol, one of the scholars at the Lyceum at Lublin in Russia, was bitten by a dog, and was immediately sent to the Pasteur Institute at Warsaw, where he received the usual treatment by inoculation, and was discharged a month later with a certificate of cure, on the strength of which he was readmitted to the Lyceum and resumed his duties. Three months later, he felt pain in the region of the inoculations, and shortly afterwards he died of hydrophobia. The dog that bit him remained quite well. The groom of Signor Camello Mina was bitten by a sheep dog, and subsequently died of hydrophobia, after having been subjected to the Pasteurian treatment at Milan for a month. The dog had nothing whatever the matter with it. A young painter of Antwerp, named De Moens, when visiting a friend, was bitten slightly by his friend's dog. He was urged to go to M. Pasteur at once, which he did, and was subjected to the Pasteurian anti-rabic treatment from the 20th of March to the 2nd of April. After his return he was suddenly attacked by hydrophobia and died on May 17th. The dog that bit him remained perfectly well.

These are old cases and the performance is still going on, fiercely supported by its friends. You certainly get your money's worth by its treatment. If it can't cure what doesn't exist, it at least beats the dog on his own ground.

## Failed to see the Point.

Chauncey M. Depew was talking about that class of men who never see the point of a joke. "John B. Gough," he said, "used to tell about one of these men, a millionaire, whom he knew in Boston. Gough was lecturing in Boston, and in the course of his remarks he said there were two poets, one old and the other young, who spent an evening together. The younger poet suggested that they two collaborate on a volume of verse, but the other answered haughtily: 'Would you hitch a horse and an ass together?' 'My dear friend,' the young poet retorted, 'why should you call yourself an ass?' After this lecture was over Gough went home with his Boston friend. The latter asked him gravely if he wouldn't explain the point of the story about the two poets that he had told. 'Well,' said Gough, a little confused, 'I suppose the point of that story lies in the deftness with which the young man made the old one call himself an ass.' 'But,' said Gough's friend, 'the old poet didn't mean that he was the ass. He meant that he was the horse.' Gough could say no more."

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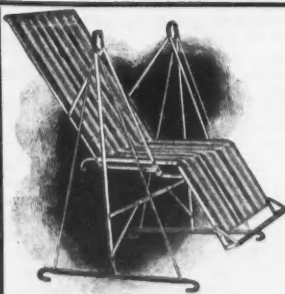
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## Social and Personal.

The engagement of Miss Aloise Thompson, eldest daughter of the late Sir John Thompson and Lady Thompson of Derwent Lodge, and Mr. Edmund C. Wragge of Nelson, B.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Wragge of London, England, is announced.

Next week brings the first of the great social and sporting events of the spring, the annual Horse Show, which will this year be also a Military Tournament. Many interesting features will be included in the programme, and the visit of the Royal Military College Cadets will be a star number. The young athletes from Kingston will do some artillery practice in addition to their usual exciting drill and gymnastics. Dr. Tyrrell's fine young son, Mr. William Tyrrell, is to be in command of one of the squads.

Mrs. J. C. MacDougall of St. John's, Que., with her two young sons, is spending some time in town with her sister, Mrs. Theodore Brough. Mrs. MacDougall will remain for the Horse Show, and her friends hope, for the O. J. C. races next month also.

Mr. Fred J. Sawers of Trinity College School staff spent his Easter vacation in Toronto, the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Carveth. He returned to Port Hope on Monday.

The marriage of Dr. George Parfitt and Miss Caroline Fitz-Randolph takes place early in June in New York. Dr. Parfitt is now in charge of a hospital at Gravenhurst, and will reside there for the future. He was in town this week, looking very well indeed.

The country round about the Hunt Club house is beginning to be most attractive in spring garb. There are all sorts of dainty wild flowers out, and the habitues of the Hunt Club are enjoying many a stroll through the woods these afternoons. The golf links also are beginning to tempt the young matrons and maidens who are devoted to the game.

There seems scarcely anything left to tell of the wonderfully smart turnout for the State concert last week. There have been a good many superlatives worked overtime about the beauty of the music and the interest taken in it. Certainly the people came by the thousands, and all that an audience could do, in brilliancy of attire, astounding punctuality and attention divided about equally between the vice-regal party and the music, to make the opening night a success, was ably and nobly done. As to the music, I can only say, "Chacun a son gout." Personally I was forced to recall the excellent concerts of our greatest Canadian chorists, and the orchestra which supported it, on the 11th and 12th of February, and to find comparison very trying to the aggregation of last week. But a State concert is an ordeal for both performers and audience, as may be recalled by those who attended the State concert of October, 1901, when famous artists sang and were scarcely listened to, while the audience gazed fixedly at the Duke and Duchess of York in the Royal box. The special reserved space for the vice-regal party was arranged on last Thursday in the east gallery just beside the Founder's box, and Lord and Lady Minto, Captain Bell and Mr. Arthur Guise occupied the loge, which was canopied with scarlet, trimmed with white lace and bunches of flowers. Lady Minto was in a black evening gown, with gold, and wore some handsome jewels. She carried a huge sheaf of Helen Gould roses, Dunlop's choicest favorites, which were presented by the president of the Festival Committee. The gallery in the vicinity of the vice-regal box was at its most brilliant, many of Mr. Nordheimer's supper guests being there seated, and all the smart women in very beautiful gowns. A few who looked especially well were Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, whose bright, charming face smiled upon a congenial little party of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout sat near her, and Mrs. Sanford of New York, very smart and ablaze with diamonds, was close by. Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer were in the front row, beside the vice-regal box, with their daughters, all very beautifully gowned. Mrs. Nordheimer wore black over white and some fine jewels. Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto and her daughters, Misses Bertha and Ethel, were cavalcaded by Mr. Arthur Hills, a much welcomed visitor to his people. Mrs. Mackenzie wore a rich black gown and her young daughters pale pink and primrose frocks. Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones of Llawhaden and Miss Melvin-Jones sat at the center of the gallery, next what are known as the Government House seats, which last week were occupied by Hon. Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss and Miss Moss. The Llawhaden ladies were superbly gowned and wore handsome jewels and each a tiara. Senator George A. Cox, Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Ames, and Hon. Richard and Mrs. Harecourt were also "au premier." Mrs. Walter Barwick looked very dainty and smart in a beautiful white gown. Mrs. J. K. Kerr wore black velvet and lace. Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet was in black and looked very graceful and nice. Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Cockburn, Mrs. Thomas Tait and Major Cockburn, V.C., (in his handsome Body Guard uniform) were a family party whom we shall not see together again for some time. Among the officers who attended the State concert were Colonel Buchanan with Mrs. Buchanan, Colonel Lessard, Colonel Pellatt with Mrs. Pellatt, Colonel Stimson, Colonel Bruce with Mrs. Bruce, Colonel Campbell Macdonald with Mrs. Macdonald, Colonel McGillivray, Major Michie with Miss Annie Michie, Captain Lang, and many others. Vis-a-vis to the vice-regal loge was that built for the Premier and Cabinet, and Hon. G. W. Ross and his two daughters, Miss Ross and Miss Kate Ross, and Mr. Mitchell were occupants. Mrs. Harris, radiant and smiling, and carrying her presentation bouquet of white roses; Mrs. C. E. Ryerson, her sister, and several others, were in the manager's box. The permanent boxes on either side of the stage were reserved for the Press. When the concert began the Massey Hall was at its very best, filled from stage to upper gallery with an audience representing most of the wealth and culture of Toronto. After the programme was finished some one hundred and twenty-five guests supped at the Toronto Club on the invitation of Mr. Nordheimer and enjoyed a dainty repast, among the exquisite flowers which I mentioned in detail last week in describing the club's decorations in honor of the vice-regal visitors. Lord and Lady Minto left after supper for their private car, which was attached to the morning train for Ottawa. The Governor-General had a look at some boats during the afternoon, and intends, I understand, to do some cruising about here next month during his visit, and to take a craft to Ottawa for cruising on the river later on. The hurried visit of last Thursday was, I fancy, rather a tiresome one for the popular and charming Countess, who was on the go the whole time presiding at an annual meeting of the Victorian Order of Nurses in the Legislative Chamber at half-past three, after which she was the guest of honor at a tea in the Speaker's chambers, and later was arranging some matters in connection with her coming visit, looking at designs for the soldiers' tombstones in South Africa, and after a hurried dinner, sitting through the State concert and supping at the Toronto Club. Yet her sweet graciousness and interest defied fatigue, and gave as pleasant and bright a good-night to her host after supper as if she had not just finished a full and strenuous day's labor for her exacting friends, the public.

The meeting of the Victorian Order of Nurses was one of the successes for which one takes off the hat to vice-royalty. Lady Minto presided, and grouped about her were many prominent and earnest friends of the order, and many more who had come to hear the speech of the first lady in the land. It was a very nice, clear, concise, businesslike little speech, and we may hope for tangible acknowledgment of its force to the coffers of the nursing order. Lady Minto's Cottage Hospital scheme—a workable practical, useful enterprise to which none should turn a deaf ear—has already a great success, but the Countess asks the people to open their purses wider before she leaves this country and help her to leave some more cottage hospitals to ameliorate the strain of sickness in some quarters. "If only everyone would give one dollar!" said she, in tones unmistakably sincere and full of wishfulness. Mr. D. R. Wilkie, one of the first supporters of the Order, took a prominent part in the meeting, and Senator Cox, Dr. Temple, Dr. Burnham, Dr. Armstrong Black, prominent medical men and others, took part and made very convincing speeches in favor of the Order and of Lady Minto's cottage hospitals. A very nice tea was given in the Speaker's chambers after the meeting. The tea-table was in charge of a perfect bevy of the brightest and prettiest girls in town who on the invitation of the ladies interested in the Victorian Order volunteered to wait on the large concourse of guests. Senator Cox escorted the Countess of Minto to the tea-room, where she found great difficulty in leaving the hosts of loyal women and girls who surrounded her. Lady Minto was attended by Mr. Arthur Guise during the afternoon.

On Monday Mrs. Thomas Tait received with Mrs. Cock-



A Counter Irritant.

burn and said good-bye to her Toronto friends, all of whom so much regret her departure for Australia, which took place on Wednesday. Mrs. Tait was a picture in a lovely white gown of accordion-pleated mousseline de soie over silk, with yoke and insertions and applications of ceru Cluny lace. Little Miss Winifred has contracted whooping cough and has been quite ill, but is now much better. Everyone will miss her visits to Toronto, who knows and delights in her originality and wonderful intelligence and good sense. She is truly a clever and interesting little maiden and the adored of all her family.

Mr. and Mrs. Flavell left last week for their trans-Atlantic trip of several months, followed by the good wishes of their many friends.

Mrs. Harry Grantham, who has been visiting friends in Chicago for several weeks, returned at the week's end very much better for the rest and change, to her home, 15 Albany avenue. Mr. Grantham has gone away for a trip for his health.

Miss Marjorie Arnoldi has gone away for the summer. Her alter ego, Miss Maisie Tyrrell, misses her greatly, as indeed do all her circle of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Caldwell and their three bright young people left on Saturday night at ten for Montreal, en route for Truro, N.S., where they have decided to make their home. Truro has an unheard of number of trains and railroads in all directions, most convenient for Mr. "Inspector" Caldwell in his professional duties in connection with the Bank of Nova Scotia.

I notice that in mentioning the guests at a dinner at Chudleigh last week, the papers with great unanimity give "Miss Otter" as one of "those present." I presume they mean Miss Mildred Stewart, a niece of Colonel Otter, D.O.C., whose lovely contralto voice so delighted the guests after the Chudleigh dinner of Wednesday. Miss Mildred Stewart's voice seems in particularly good shape this spring, and I have heard some very enthusiastic prophecies made concerning it.

A very interesting display of photographs of society folk is on view this week in Lyonde's window. Particularly fine are the portraits of Miss Gladys Hardy, who seems to make the best of artistic studies. A young Irish singer, Miss Theresa Flanagan, makes quite an original picture, a more than three-quarter figure tapering exquisitely after the lines of the classic Caryatides.

The news of the appointment of Mr. W. Mortimer Clark to the distinguished position of Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, was made public on Tuesday morning and was more or less of a surprise to those who had made various prophecies as to who should succeed the late Sir Oliver Mowat. It is a selection of the fittest in many respects, for Mr. Clark has during a life of dignity and probity won exceeding respect and esteem from all classes in Toronto. His professional and personal worth is on all record without a cloud, and his personal worth is on all sides acknowledged. Mrs. Mortimer Clark shares the regard of all her husband's friends, and the position of mistress of Government House will be ably filled by her. The Misses Mortimer Clark, only children of the Lieutenant-Governor, are beautiful and accomplished assistant hostesses in the handsome family mansion, 303 Wellington street west.

Mr. John Dick and his daughter, Miss Muriel Dick, are leaving for Edinburgh on the "Teutonic" next month, for a short visit.

The June weddings will be many and smart this year. I have heard of six so far, and as to the millinery, it is something beautiful indeed. The modes of the season run largely to light gossamer and lace effects, most of the smartest bridal gowns being of lace and point d'esprit de soie or of delicate chiffon applied and trimmed with fine lace. The severe satin gown is very rarely worn unless the bride has an unusually well formed and developed figure, and for the slim girl brides nothing could be prettier than the fabrics I have mentioned above.

When the news came to town of the acceptance by Mr. Mortimer Clark of the position of Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, the merry telephone at the Clark homestead never ceased from troubling until the family retired, and letters, messages, telegrams and calls have been unending from the many friends of the household. Everyone seems perfectly delighted with the appointment, which was a complete surprise to the new Governor.

Miss Justina Harrison has been spending a fortnight with Mrs. Mortimer Clark, and expects to sail for the Continent the second week in May.

There is but one regret felt when one thinks of the new menage at Government House, and that is that the cherished, estimable and lamented son of the Governor is no more. His presence and ready assistance would have been of inestimable benefit, and not once, but a score of times, the first thought of friends on hearing of Mr. Clark's appointment was of this very thing.

The long distance telephone was the via media by which at four o'clock on Monday the new Lieutenant-Governor was apprised at his office of his distinction.

Owing to the date of the funeral of the late Sir Oliver Mowat being arranged for Wednesday afternoon, the proposed sale of boxes for the Horse Show was postponed until Thursday afternoon. Tea was served and ladies were invited to attend the sale. Everything points to a great event next week.

His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada and Lady Minto will spend the merry month of May among their loyal friends in Toronto. I hear there is to be quite a lot of entertaining, and that the ball in the King Edward will really come off, after all. Major and Mrs. Maude are to occupy quarters, if possible, near the Flavell residence, and a very pleasant visit is hoped for, both for the vice-regal pair and their very popular suite.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Rogers of Hamilton are coming to Sunnibholm next week to take in the Horse Show gaieties.

## Dunlop Detachable Tires

## The Easiest Tire on Earth to Repair

The illustrations and instructions in this advertisement show the ease with which a Dunlop Detachable Tire may be removed, repaired and replaced on the rim.

No other make of tire can be repaired so easily, quickly and permanently.



This illustration of the rim with a piece cut out will show how the cover is manipulated in taking it off. One of the wires is shown in position on the ledge, and one can readily see that it is too small to come off. But if its position is altered, as the other wire is shown, by pressing one side down into the central channel of the rim, then on the opposite side it hangs below the edge and may be easily passed over it. The removal can only take place when the tire is deflated. The mere act of pumping the tire fastens it securely in place. The tire can never creep or move around in the rim and shear off the valve.

The single tube tire can be repaired only from the outside, and therefore can never be permanently repaired.

With Dunlop Detachable Tires a perfect repair can be made on the inside, leaving the tire as airtight as when new.

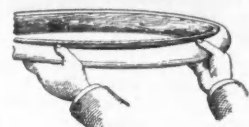
Bicycle and carriage buyers should study these instructions before buying, and then they'll realize that the only perfect wheel or carriage is the one fitted with Dunlop Tires.

## The Dunlop Tire Company, Limited Toronto

Depots at Montreal, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

Have you found a Dunlop Coin?

## Easy Method of Repairing a Dunlop.



No. 1

Deflate tire by unscrewing the valve cap and pressing the valve plunger. Take hold of the tire at a point farthest away from the valve, pushing one edge of the cover into the bottom of the rim with the thumb, as in illustration No. 1.



No. 2

Keep the thumbs pressed down firmly on the wire in the edge of the cover and move hands around tire in opposite directions until they reach each other near the valve, where the cover will form a loop above the edge of the rim. See illustration No. 2.



No. 3

Pull the cover over the rim by taking hold of the cover just above its edge with the thumb and forefinger, or slip the fingers under this loop, as in illustration No. 3. Under no circumstances use a tool of any kind—it is absolutely unnecessary, and is liable to injure the tire. Pass the hands around until the entire edge of cover is off the rim. Push the valve through the valve hole and remove the air tube. Then the other edge of the cover can be removed from the rim in the same manner as the first edge.

Any repair is then easily made on the inside of the tire with the Midget Repair Kit, which is given free with each pair of tires.

## To Replace a Dunlop Tire

Slip one edge of the cover into the rim, commencing opposite the valve and pressing the edge into the bottom of the rim with the thumbs and moving the hands in opposite directions until they meet, when the edge of the cover will spring into place.

Replace the air tube and valve as before and slightly inflate the tube so that it will become circular and lie in the bed of the rim and prevent it from being nipped between the edge of the cover and the rim. See that it is not twisted. Put the remaining edge of the cover on the rim in the same manner as the first one. Inflate the tire a little more, then examine the edges of the cover and see that they are resting properly on the shoulders in the sides of the rim. When properly adjusted inflate to riding pressure, and see that the valve cap is screwed down firmly. When screwing on the valve cap always grasp the valve stem firmly between the thumb and fingers.

Use no tools whatever.

## SIMMERS' Special Offer of PURE, TRUE and PROFITABLE SEEDS

## Simmers' "Toronto Parks" Lawn Grass Seed

Is the Best for our Canadian Climate. With it you can make LAWNS, GRASS PLOTS, CRICKET GROUNDS, GOLF LINKS, TENNIS COURTS, ETC. As soft as velvet and as green as emerald all summer long. Price 25c. per pound, post-paid 30c. per pound.

Simmer's "Toronto Parks" Grass Seed will form a close, thick turf in a few weeks' time, with no tendency to stool or grow in clumps. It roots deeply and withstands severe droughts without turning brown, maintaining its beautiful deep green color throughout the season. We have made the formation of permanent lawns a study for years, and the finest lawns in this country to-day were obtained by using our "Toronto Parks" Lawn Grass Seed, which is composed of various grasses that grow and flourish during different months of the year, so that a rich, deep green velvety lawn is constantly maintained, rivaling the famous lawns of Old England.

TORONTO PARKS MIXTURE, finest quality (with or without White Clover)—Per lb. 25c., post-paid 30c.; 5 lbs. \$1.15; 10 lbs. \$2.20; 25 lbs. \$5.25; 50 lbs. \$10.00; 100 lbs. \$20.00 (carriage extra).

White Dutch Clover, for mixing with Lawn Grass Seed—per lb. 30c.; post-paid, 35c.



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Canada's Premier Seed House

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The best appointed and most up-to-date Railroad in America.

All travelers will tell you, for solid comfort travel via the Great Wabash Route. Everything is up-to-date and first-class in every respect.

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J. A. RICHARDSON, District Passenger Agent, Cor. King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

"GOOD NIGHT"



## Social and Personal.

**A** PIANO recital will be given by Miss Edith J. Mason in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening, April 28. Miss Mason will be assisted by Miss Tena Gunn and Mr. Lissant Beaudre. The ladies who are kindly acting as patronesses are Mrs. W. Mortimer Clark, Miss Mowat, Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. J. S. Willison, Mrs. Miller, Miss Dickson, Mrs. W. T. J. Lee, Mrs. G. A. Case, Miss Lee, Mrs. Henry Gray, Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. Masten, Mrs. Patrick Hughes, Miss Long and Miss Dallas. Miss Mason is, I believe, the first artist to have the honor of the patronage of the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight and Miss Dwight left on Thursday for New York. Miss Dwight returns to town on Monday, but the other members of the party are going for a visit to Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Benjamin and their little son, with Mrs. Alfred Benjamin's eldest daughter, leave for England next week.

His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto and their suite are expected to arrive in Toronto on Tuesday, and will be present at the opening of the Horse Show on Wednesday, when His Excellency will declare the show open and receive the thanks of the president and directors of the affair. The residence of Mr. Flavelle is in readiness for the reception of the distinguished party, who will make a stay of over a month here, and visit during that time some adjacent cities. I hear that the Mayor of London, Mr. Adam Beck, M.P., is to have the honor of entertaining the Governor-General and Lady Minto during their visit to London.

Mr. Fred Thompson has purchased a very pretty residence in Spencer avenue, Parkdale, where he is shortly to remove with his family. Mrs. Palin is with her grandchildren, and Miss Ethel Palin came on from New York a fortnight ago and will, I believe, be in Toronto all summer. She has made an artistic success in New York, and her sister, Miss Winnifred, has done the same in the nursing profession, having donned the "black band" of a finished nurse some few weeks ago. I have heard some talk of several artistic commissions being put in Miss Ethel Palin's hands, and find she has been making a special study of artistic house-furnishing, for which she had special advantages in New York, having friends distinguished for their success in that useful and beautiful art.

On Wednesday evening another pleasant affair in honor of Miss Ethel Martin was given by Mrs. Hallworth of Tranby avenue. The guest of honor sang very beautifully. Miss Annie Hallworth and Miss Mildred Stewart also sang charmingly. Miss Evelyn Martin played a violin solo and Mr. Alfred Beaudre sang some songs very artistically. The guests were of the young musical set.

A series of matches began on Thursday at the links of the Hunt Club, and the lovely opening day was most enjoyable.

Miss Kate Massey is expected shortly on a return visit to Miss Lillian Warwick of Sunningdale. At present I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Massey and Miss Massey are in Atlantic City.

Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Yarker left for St. Catharines on Wednesday, where they will remain for some little time, I understand.

Miss Maude Powell has returned to Ottawa after a visit of a fortnight here. She is to be very busy now, not in speeding the happy marrying of a friend, but in preparing for her own, in the month of roses.

The stork has called at Brides' Terrace, where last year some of our fairest brides took up house. The present of the stork of a son and heir to Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bright has sent them oceans of congratulations from every quarter, and best wishes surround the fair young mother and her little son.

In Sherbourne Street Methodist Church on Wednesday afternoon a charming wedding was celebrated, when Dr. Arnold D. A. Mason and Miss Annie Gertrude Wheeler, second daughter of Mr. Alex E. Wheeler of Sumach street, were married by Rev. Dr. Cleaver. Miss Wheeler wore a softly shirred bridal gown of white Eolienne over white silk, with guimpe of chiffon and bertha of fine old lace, a tulle veil and wreath of lily of the valley, and carried Bride roses and maiden hair ferns. Four bridesmaids attended her, a sister, Miss Lillian Wheeler, Miss Ethel Lamb, Miss Gladys Humphrey, niece of the groom, and Miss Gladys Eastwood, in pretty white organ-die and lace gowns, with white chiffon hats, the two former carrying sheaves of roses, the latter baskets of sweet peas. The bride wore a diamond sunburst, gift of the groom, and the bridesmaids pearl wishbones. Mr. Charles Mason was his brother's best man. The ushers were Messrs. Gordon Humphrey, George Wheeler, William Carnahan and Dr. Guy Hume. Mr. Carnahan sang an appropriate marriage song during the signing of the register. After the wedding reception and dejeuner at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Mason went to the States for their honeymoon; on their return they will reside at 87 Rose avenue.

Mrs. Stikeman entertained the Seven Hand Euchre Club on Thursday afternoon.

A young people's tea was a pleasant event at Mrs. McArthur's handsome home in St. George street on Thursday afternoon.

Miss Susie Benson was this week the guest of Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Glen road.

Mrs. Herbert Walker of 100 Beverley street will rejoin Mr. Walker in New York to reside, and will be much missed in Toronto, where she is a popular and graceful young hostess.

Mr. Walter Scott is visiting his aunt, Miss Scott, 85 St. George street. Miss Rebecca McWhinney is the guest of her

brother, Mr. John McWhinney, in Albany avenue.

Against the many "by-by" teas and dinners which I have chronicled lately is now a "welcome home" event, which will be given on Monday by the Messrs MacKellar of 195 Beverley street for their sister-in-law, Mrs. Jack MacKellar, who is back from a year in Europe.

The engagement of Miss Lilian Vaux, daughter of Dr. H. E. Vaux of Bond street, and Rev. Murdoch MacKinnon of Halifax is announced.

Miss Jessie Denison of Rusholme is visiting friends in New York. Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Dunn, who visited New York with Mr. Wood, Mrs. Gray's uncle, have returned home.

I hear that Mrs. B. B. Cronyn and Miss Homer Dixon are arranging a trip to the Old Country with a sojourn there of some duration.

Mrs. Tilton, wife of Colonel Tilton of Ottawa, has been the guest of Mrs. Heaven, Gerrard street, during the meetings of the Woman's Auxiliary, and returned to Ottawa a day or two since.

Mrs. Heaven and her daughters are leaving for Italy the middle of May. They are giving up their home in Gerrard street and storing their furniture until their return in October.

Mrs. Charles F. Lobb (nee McLean) will hold her post-nuptial reception on Thursday, April 30, from 3 to 5 p.m., at Bonny Castle, 218 John street.

Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss, who came down for the Festival and was the guest of Mrs. C. E. Ryerson, returned to Ottawa this week. Mrs. Harriss is perhaps the one who best realizes the amount of work her talented husband put into the conduct of the Festival, and how well merited his great success has been. It was an herculean undertaking throughout.

The 22nd of May is spoken of as the date of the opening of the King Edward, which is to be signalized by a ball given by the Yacht Club. I have not received any particulars, but the brilliancy and interest of the affair may be considered assured, as the locale and the presence of vice-Royalty will combine to render it perfect.

The marriage of Miss Ethel Martin will take place shortly. Mrs. Norman Allen gave a tea for some of her sister's friends and her own last Friday, and the guests were charmed with Miss Martin's beautiful singing. Miss Martin's future home as a young matron will be in London, Eng., much to the regret of her Toronto friends.

A number of bright and enjoyable reunions have been held at Mrs. Meyer's pavilion this month. The annual ball of the Maple Leaf Lodge Ladies' Auxiliary, held on the 17th, last Friday week, was an especially pleasant affair. About two hundred guests partook of an admirable supper, most comfortably served. Mrs. Meyer's famous fish dinners are on, and I cannot imagine anything more liable to begin the week well than an early jaunt out to the Sunny-side shore and a fish breakfast served as one in vain hopes to get it in town. The delightful fresh air, the breakfast table set in full view of the lake, over which, in fact, it is literally built, the crisp, fresh fish and delicious accompaniments, are all excellent for the spirits. Mrs. Meyer herself gives a hearty Swiss welcome to the city people and is happy when her guests enjoy her good cheer.

A very fine picture of Dr. Richardson of St. Joseph street has recently been completed by Mr. A. Dickson Patterson, and was presented the other evening to the Medical Faculty of Toronto University at a very elegant dinner in McConkey's ball-room. The portrait is an excellent likeness and done in Mr. Patterson's best form. All were much pleased with it. The portrait is a gift to the new Medical Building, and will hang there as soon as the building is completed. The portrait was presented by Dr. Cleland and accepted by Chief Justice Moss. Mr. Irving Cameron was chairman of the banquet, which was a very smart affair.

Mrs. and Miss Seymour came home on Tuesday from Ottawa, where they have had such a jolly winter, and are at the Arlington.



MISS ADELAIDE THURSTON, who will be remembered by Toronto theatergoers for her clever work as Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister," has the leading role in "At Cozy Corners."

## R.C.A. Pictures on View at Ottawa.

**T**HE twenty-fourth annual exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts was opened at Ottawa on Thursday evening, the 16th inst., by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The exhibition is pronounced an unusually fine one. There are about 219 works on view, including two miniatures, one bit of enamel on copper, three pieces of sculpture and thirteen architectural drawings. Amongst the paintings the oils predominate very largely over the water-colors, which is by no means usual.

Up to Saturday night last there had been nineteen sales, at prices ranging from \$15 to \$75 and aggregating about \$800. Amongst the pictures sold were an Atkinson oil, "Threatening Weather," (\$40), a water-color, "The Shelter," by the same artist (\$50); a Brownell "Childhood," (\$75), a Beatty, "At Churchville, Ont." (\$30), a Bradshaw, "Roses" (\$30), three Carlyles, "Before Her First Communion," "The Studio" and "The Little Housewife" (\$25 each), a Knowles oil, "The Edge of the Wood," a Muntz, "Sisy in the Wood," one of Mrs. Reid's panels of roses (\$75), a landscape by Miss Spurr (\$25), Bell-Smith's water-color of "St. Paul's from the Thames" (\$75), Gagen's water-color, "The End of Day in the Selkirk" (\$75), two water-colors by McGillivray Knowles, "Boat, Quebec," and "Evening, Perce Bay," and one by T. Mower Martin, "Trees in Beacon Hill Park, B.C." Further sales have probably been made since the date named.

Amongst the more prominent pictures on the walls are President Harris's portraits of the Countess of Minto and Sir Louis H. Davies, Homer Watson's "Mill Pool," which he was commissioned to paint for \$1,500 by the Art Association of Montreal, the large panel by F. S. Challenor for the ceiling of the grand saloon of the steamer "Montreal," G. A. Reid's large evening landscape, already seen in Toronto at the circuit exhibition of the American Association of Architects, Miss Tully's portrait in pastel of Mrs. Hayter Reed, Miss Muntz's large canvas, "My Neighbor's Child," and Mr. Forster's portrait of Lord Roberts. The exhibition is said to be excellent within the narrow range of subjects to which Canadian artists devote themselves, but there are few works in which imagination and the artist's soul assert themselves—Mr. Challenor's panel being a notable exception.

New members of the Academy were elected as follows: Architects, Messrs. Norman MacVicar and Maxwell; painter, Miss Clara S. Hagarty; sculptor, Mr. Walter S. Alward. The new councillors elected, for the two-year term, are Messrs. William Hope, E. Dyonnet, T. Mower Martin, W. Cruikshank, F. McGillivray Knowles, E. Wylly Grier, and for the one-year term, Messrs. F. S. Challenor, A. D. Patterson, G. A. Reid, J. C. Pinhey, John Hammond and D. B. Dick. Mr. Bell-Smith was elected auditor in place of Mr. A. H. Howard. The vacant academicianship was not filled. The candidates were Messrs. R. F. Gagen and W. E. Atkinson, and as the vote showed a tie between these two, the election was declared off for the present.

Next year the exhibition will be held in Toronto, probably somewhat earlier than usual, as the selection of pictures for the St. Louis Exposition must be made.

It may be mentioned that the Premier in opening the exhibition at Ottawa let fall some remarks indicating that the Government may adopt a forward policy in the encouragement of Canadian art. He expressed a hope that a portion of the declared surplus of \$13,000,000 would be granted for such a purpose, and suggested that students of art be sent, at Government expense, to other countries, where they might study and contribute their works to a Canadian gallery. The Academy in a memorial to the Government, will suggest that a comprehensive scheme be adopted for the decoration of the walls of the Parliament Buildings by Canadian artists, under the supervision of the Academy; that the duty on artists' materials be removed and a small specific duty imposed on imported works of art; that financial aid be granted by the Government to the art schools of the country; that the president of the Academy be constituted Art Commissioner of Canada, to be consulted in an advisory capacity by the Government in all matters pertaining to art; that a new National Gallery be built at Ottawa; and that the Government undertake the regular purchase of great works from the Academy exhibitions for the National Gallery.

## Sir Oliver Mowat's Funeral.

**N**O more impressive funeral has occurred within the memory of the present generation than that of the late Sir Oliver Mowat on Wednesday afternoon. Among the distinguished personages who were present were Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Lord Dundonald, Sir William Mulock, Sir Louis Jette, Hon. James Sutherland, Hon. William Patterson, Hon. J. Israel Tarte, Major Maude, representing his Excellency the Governor-General; Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, and members of the Provincial Government, Mr. J. P. Whitney, leader of the Ontario Opposition, and a great many judges, members of Parliament, members of the Legislative Assembly, and leading citizens of every walk in life. The services at Government House were conducted by Rev. Alfred Gandier of St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, Rev. Armstrong Black of St. Andrew's Church, Rev. Principal Caven of Knox College, and Rev. Professor MacLaren. The procession from the drawing-room to the hearse was then formed, the honorary pall-bearers filing out in pairs as follows: Hon. George W. Ross and Hon. J. M. Gibson, Sir John Boyd and Chief Justice Moss, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. R. W. Scott, Sir William Mulock and Senator Cox. The casket followed; then came the mourners, the Cabinet, and other distinguished friends.

The chief mourners were: Sons, Mr. Fred Mowat, Sheriff of Toronto, and Mr. Arthur Mowat, sons-in-law, C. E. W. Biggar, K.C., and Thomas Lungren, K.C.; grandsons, A. M. Mowat, Master George Mowat, J. L. Biggar and F. C. Biggar; nephews, H. M. Mowat, K.C., J. McDonald Mowat of Kingston, George L. Mowat, McGill Mowat, Joseph F. Mowat, George L. B. Fraser, K.C., of Ottawa, Norman Fraser of Kingston, J. Mowat Duff of Guelph, Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel Duff of Kingston; other relatives, Mr. Justice MacLennan, Andrew Drummond, J. H. Ewart, J. S. Ewart, Frank Ewart, Joseph A. Steel, Joseph Henderson, Ernest Henderson, E. R. Greig, R. J. MacLennan, Neil McLean and A. F. MacLean.

At the request of the family, six members of the Toronto Calthness Association took the position of bearers. They were Messrs D. Rose, sr., past president; William Banks, sr., president; Daniel Rose, vice-president; Donald Inrig, treasurer; D. A. Rose, jr., and Gilbert L. Sutherland.

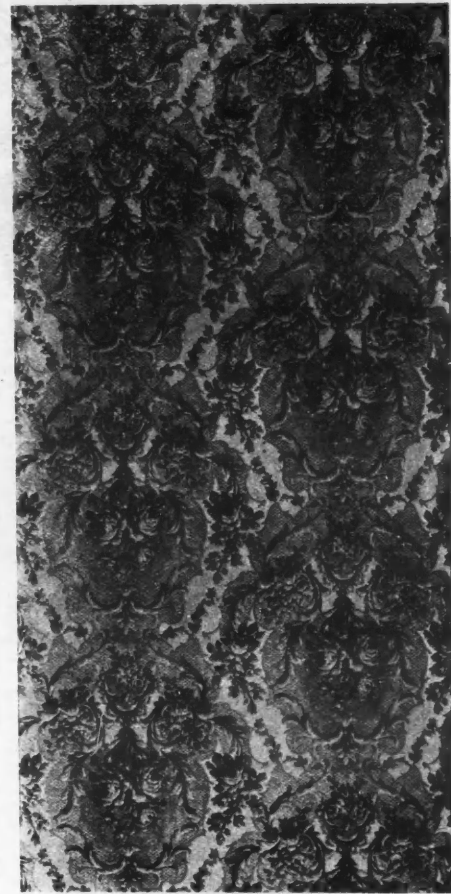
The order of procession through the streets to Mount Pleasant Cemetery was as follows:

- A marshal on horseback.
- A squad of police.
- A troop of cavalry.
- Bands.
- Attendant clergymen and physicians.
- Bearers of the coffin, consisting of six members of the Calthness Society.
- Other pall-bearers.
- The hearse.
- The chief mourners.
- Staff of the late Lieutenant-Governor.
- Household of the late Lieutenant-Governor.
- The representative of his Excellency the Governor-General.
- Lieutenant-Governors of Provinces and staffs.
- The archbishops, bishops and heads of churches.
- Privy Councillors and Dominion Cabinet.
- The chief justices.
- The General Commanding the Militia.
- Members of the Senate.
- The Speaker of the House of Commons.
- Puisne judges.
- Members of the House of Commons.
- The Provincial Cabinet.
- Speaker of the Legislative Assembly.
- Members of the Legislative Assembly.
- Clergy.
- County court judges.
- Foreign consuls.
- Staffs of the universities and colleges.
- Officers of the civil services.
- The Mayor and corporation and city officials.
- The bar and medical profession.
- Officers of the militia.
- Other mayors and corporations.
- Trustees and staffs of the public and separate schools and institutes.
- The Board of Trade.
- Societies and clubs, etc.
- Citizens.

## Miss Thurston's New Play.

Frederick Paulding, a prominent actor and authority on stage matters, is responsible for the beautiful staging and manner of acting that "At Cozy Corners" is said to reveal. Miss Adelaide Thurston will be seen in that play at the Grand Opera House next week. Shortly after Miss Thurston sent Mr. Paulding the manuscript of "At Cozy Corners" to study, he wrote her his opinion of the new play. Among the things he said was the following: "I am really delighted with this play. It is so wholesome and quaint, and its story is of strong, sustained interest and treated in an unconventional way. The thing which appeals most to me about this charming play is the splendid opportunity it affords me to introduce quantities of humorous 'business' and to achieve some very pretty light effects. For the climax of Act III. I want the scenic artists to give me a round window, such as one sees in country churches, in back wall of church over pulpit. It is netted as if with white glass. Through this window is seen a drop representing the moonlight, starry sky and the upper parts of trees; so that, when all the lights inside the church are out at different times in the act, I obtain my atmosphere of desolation and sadness for Avis, without the aid of theatrical music in the orchestra, which spoils all effect of nature to me. Again I must have a narrow lancet window, about six feet wide, through which moonlight calcium must stream and shed its rays over the pulpit. It means everything to the effectiveness of the act." It is said that Mr. Paulding's ideas—and he is one of the best of stage managers—have made "At Cozy Corners" a play that causes people to talk of it for days after seeing it.

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qualities.

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### Social and Personal.

Among the audience at the State concert were Mr. and Mrs. Adam Beck of London, who occupied seats near the vice-regal box.

The Riding Club ball in the Royal at Hamilton last Friday was a very pretty and smart event, and the trite saying that the committee deserve all credit for their efforts toward its success is the sincere expression of all the guests. A jolly party of young people went up from Toronto to dance in honor of the occasion, among them being an ex-Hamiltonian, Mrs. David Ernest Wright (nee Steele), who looked very handsome in black lace, and whom all her girlhood friends welcomed with great pleasure. The guests were received by Mrs. Young and the master's young wife, Mrs. Alf Rogers (nee Warwick of Sunnyside, Bloor east). Mrs. Young wore white satin and carried beautiful roses. Mrs. Rogers wore white satin and carried a lovely bunch of violets. As hostesses they were perfectly charming. The sports decorations of crops, spurs and the club colors adorning the walls were quite in keeping with the auspices under which the ball was given, and the supper table, done in the club's colors and many beautiful flowers, by an artistic and clever woman of Hamilton, a good patroness of the club, was greatly admired. The music and supper were excellent, and the floor, as always, perfect. A dance in the Royal Hotel since its beautifying is always very delightful, as many Toronto friends know. Miss Mollie Waldie, Miss Buchanan, in the loveliest frock of palest pink; Miss Gladys Hardy, looking her best and surrounded by cavaliers; Miss Lillian Warwick of Sunnyside, who was the guest of Mrs. Rogers, wore white point d'esprit de soie, the modish fad of the season, with a corsage posy and bouquet of red roses, and looked very graceful and pretty. She is always most popular. Miss Rita Cosby of Maplehurst was another handsome and popular Toronto girl who enjoyed the ball. Miss McKeegie, Miss Law, Miss Mara and Miss Myles of Queen's Park, were also bright and happy guests. Several men went up, and on all sides praises are spoken of the hospitality everyone received.

The Master entertained twice last week at dinner at Chudleigh, and though the guests were not numerous, the dinners were exceedingly smart and well done. Numerous dinners and suppers are on the tapis for Horse Show week, and everything is indicating a very busy time for le beau monde.

The inevitable happened on Sunday morning, when the hoisting of the flag at halfmast over Government House told church-goers of the death of the Lieutenant-Governor while the bells were ringing for morning service. The late Lieutenant-Governor died in the fullness of time, leaving behind him a record of faithful service and exalted talents that any man might be proud to call his own. Sir Oliver Mowat found it possible to be an honest politician. His memory may be cherished with pride by every Canadian, and his career studied with profit by the less careful and less trusted men who have disturbed his last hours with knowledge of queer doings in high places. The lying in state on Tuesday and Wednesday was attended by huge crowds of people, many of whom had known the dead statesman from youth up, and the flowers which poured into the dim-lit rooms of the gubernatorial residence were simply exquisite. Sir Oliver died the peaceful death of the very aged, sleeping quietly in his final repose, his last breath barely perceptible to the watchers about his bed. In him Canada had an able, true and loyal son, and one who spared no pains to deserve his country's word of "Well done!" when his work was reviewed.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Alexander are, I believe, expected home this week. They have had a delightful trip to Washington, New York and elsewhere, and are justifying the best wishes of their many friends for their perfect happiness.

Mrs. Fred Campbell has been on a visit of some duration to her connections in town, and was one afternoon recently the guest of honor at a tea given by Mrs. Rathbun (nee Blaikie) for her. Mrs. Campbell is returning immediately to Sherbrooke.

The curious time-table of the Toronto street railway on Sunday evenings, whereby many an unwary supper guest is left high and dry in remote localities

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shortly after half-past ten, and, if not able to telephone for a cab, obliged to foot it for miles homeward, occasions more deep-dyed indignation and profanity every Sabbath evening than would paralyze a Sabbath day's observance man. It would probably be worse than useless to beg for an eleven o'clock car, but I only wish to mention by dreams of such a convenience on the part of their hosts or themselves that by asking a conductor for a time-table they can assure themselves of the inconvenient and extraordinary hour at which the last car may be entrapped in their locality. I am sure that scores of suppers are hurried and evenings spoiled by discussion and uncertainty as to the time one may allow for catching the last car, which in this city of magnificent distances is a very desirable to make sure about. The new three months' time-table comes in next week.

Mr. Evans of Madison avenue has purchased the handsome house now occupied by Mr. D. W. Alexander in Binsard's road, and will take possession of it in the early summer.

Mr. Herbert London, formerly of Toronto, and one of our best dancers, came on from Chatham, where he is a Standard Bank official, to attend the ball in the Royal Hotel last Friday. Needless to say he was welcomed by his Toronto friends and partners.

Mrs. Ramsay of Montreal is down on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Gordon Oslar.

A funny little story of dinner gossip came my way to-day. A perfect dinner partner, one whom every woman loves to find assigned to her, was entertaining his fair charge with a curious story he had been told of domestic happenings in a circle he had not yet located. The story progressed with airy and good-natured comment on the part of the reciter, and great interest on the part of the audience took the floor. "Only want to tell you that I am the woman concerned," she said, bubbling over. Even then his savoir-faire did not forsake the dear diner-out. "Ah," he said, graciously, "then I hope I have the particulars quite correct." Wasn't that a Napoleonic retreat? I didn't think Toronto was equal to it!

The progress of the Musical Festival last week was, on the whole, successful. Apart from the unanimous verdict of the papers, I found the first evening a bit colorless, though here and there I enjoyed the music. The second night it was better, and the audience being more musical and less "social," seemed to awaken. On Saturday the St. George number quite roused them up. On each night the audience left nothing to be desired in numbers and quality, and the inaugural of an annual musical festival was most encouraging to the promoters to continue. It isn't necessary to leave nothing for the twenty-second of Revelation in writing of these concerts. We shall see how much better they will be next year, and on every succeeding year, for Toronto having taken up the notion of being a musical center, and finding it the worth which is said to accrue to it, until our annual festival shall attain the worth which is sure to accrue to it. In the meantime both the composers and the promoters should take off thankful hats to the magnificent audiences which supported the initial venture.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tait and Miss Winifred Tait left on Wednesday at 1.45 in Mr. Tait's private car for the west coast, en route to Melbourne, Australia. Miss Win is better, but not well, and the voyage will doubtless benefit her. Among those who assembled to say farewell to the popular young railway magnate and his lovely wife and daughter were Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Yarker, Miss Lamport, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. Coates of Ottawa, Mr. Douglas Young, Dr. Bruce and Mr. Gordon Jones.

Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere gave a tea at La Futaie on Thursday afternoon as a farewell to her sister-in-law, the charming Countess de Ruffie, who has spent the winter in Toronto, and is leaving next week, en route to her home in Paris. Her departure is regretted by all who have had the pleasure of meeting her.

Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Smith are settled in their new home, Glen road, where Mrs. Smith received on Monday for the first time, and will receive on Monday next also.

Mrs. Whipple of Rochester is remaining over a little longer with her parents at 26 Crescent road. Having been a resident of Melbourne for many years, Mrs. Whipple had an interesting talk with Mr. and Mrs. Tait over the pros and cons of their future home, and gave much useful information.

Mrs. George A. Reid has been with her husband in the East, but will, I hear, be at home in her delightful home out west this afternoon.

Mrs. L. K. Jones of Ottawa, Major A. F. R. Arndt, Mrs. R. Young, Mr. J. N. Conshafter of Buffalo, Mr. H. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Cunningham of Hamilton, Mr. H. D. McKenzie, Mr. F. T. Dwyer of New York, Mr. and Mrs. James Bain of Los Angeles, Mr. J. F. Worts, Mr. E. Strachan Cox, Mr. William Payne, Miss S. Little, Mr. T. G. Blackstock, Mr. R. H. Watson, Mr. J. M. Thomson of Toronto, Mrs. W. W. Gaines of Boston are among the guests recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Mr. Charles Plummer's engagement to Miss Kortright of Barrie was announced last week. Mr. Plummer went up to Barrie on Wednesday. I believe he intends leaving next month for Mexico.

By far the most successful function of the season in Brampton was the At Home given by Ionic Lodge No. 229, A. F. and A. M., in the concert hall on the evening of the 14th inst. Although the evening was very wet and stormy, about 300 guests from Brampton, Toronto, Georgetown, Milton and more distant points responded to the invitation extended by the members of the lodge. The first part

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consisted of a choice programme of vocal music to which Mrs. C. H. Stickle of Toronto, Miss Maud Manning of Brampton, Mr. E. S. Dimock and Major Gallo-way of Toronto contributed, while Miss Hosi of Brampton was a most efficient accompanist, and a better concert has

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not been enjoyed in Brampton. After this the floor was cleared for dancing, and the guests enjoyed themselves until a late hour to the music of D'Alessandro's orchestra. Refreshments were served in the adjoining hall by a caterer from Toronto. The ladies' dresses were exceedingly pretty, and the hall was very tastefully decorated.

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# The Romance of a Rose

## An Episode of a House Party

BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

VALENTINE MINETY first tasted the wine of fame when the president of the Royal Academy led him into the radiant presence of Lady Ryde. And the wine mounted in a purple cloud to his head when that beautiful young woman, after expressing a desire to purchase his first Academy picture, suggested he should dine and sleep at Ryde Castle the following week.

The young man had come from the sordid environment of a struggling existence in a garret into the broad spaces of aristocratic ease. He was a guest at Ryde Castle. He had drunk tea with a company of great people, he had chatted familiarly with Lord Ryde, had explained, schoolmaster-wise, to half a dozen beautiful and clever women the hidden glories of the Velasquez in the drawing-room, and now he was in his bedroom preparing to dress for dinner.

Valentine Minety was young, passably well-looking, and monstrously conceited. It never struck him that Lady Ryde had invited him to her house because he was a young and struggling artist; it did not occur to him that the beautiful woman had included a novice, a minor poet and the editor of a London newspaper among her guests. It seemed to him that Valentine Minety had become a member of the aristocracy because he was Valentine Minety; and to Valentine Minety he was not an artist, but the good-looking youth who stared so fixedly at him from every mirror he passed.

He looked at his new dress clothes, at the new patent-leather shoes, at the new collar, the new shirt, the new tie and the new handkerchiefs—all waiting to be glorified by his body. Looking at them, Valentine Minety fancied he had rather impressed the footman.

Then he thought of Lady Ryde. What beauty lay in the sad gray iris of her eyes! How gloriously the dark hair shaded her splendid brow! What pride, what sorrow curled the red lips! How prettily she blushed, too—blushed, when she spoke to him! She had looked at him so often as he talked to the others; when she had looked, had there not been a gentle smile on the proud, sorrowful mouth, suggestions of pleasure in the sad gray eyes? He had talked loud enough for her to hear.

He looked at himself in the glass. The coat came away, and he pitched it—by force of habit—on the bed, still looking in the glass. He proceeded to undo his waistcoat, screwing his head round to catch a view of his profile. The waistcoat followed the coat.

Then he paused for a moment. Ought he not, perhaps, to ring for a footman to take off his boots? Knotty point! Surely the aristocracy did not unlace its own shoes? And yet if he should—

Valentine Minety started, his fingers twitching at his braces. No longer did he look in the glass; no longer did he think of his boots; his eyes were riveted upon the dressing-table, fixed in a frozen stare upon a little red rosebud twisted into a buttonhole and lying, ah! so daintily, upon a china tray in front of the glass.

"She is an angel, an angel!" cried Valentine, flinging his braces over his shoulders. "By all the amours of Venus! this is her gift to me, her invitation, her sweet encouragement! Was ever love more prettily made? Oh! the dear, darling flower! And oh! the radiant, radiant woman!"

He kissed the rose, laid it reverently back upon the table, and sat himself down before the glass. His boots came off with a rush; his shirt was jerked over his head in a twinkling; and the next minute he was plunging his face into hot water.

"Perhaps she's downstairs waiting for me now!" he told the towel. Off went the trousers, off went the socks. The gorgeous silk socks were dragged proudly on the foot and up the leg, and then on went the new dress trousers, out came the new ties from the new patent leather shoes, and then, after some struggling, on went those new shoes over the new socks.

With his head in his fine new shirt, his hands breaking their way through the starched sleeves, Valentine told himself he must not rush this incident; Lady Ryde was not to be approached as boisterously as a barmaid. This matter required great delicacy.

His face came through the collar of the shirt, very red and fresh-looking. He looked in the glass and congratulated his beauty on its distinguished victory.

The collar was buttoned, the tie fixed, the hair brushed, the hands rinsed, the white waistcoat buttoned, the big gold chain stretched across from pocket to pocket, and then on went the coat.

He picked up the rosebud, turned the lapel of his coat forward, and then, well, he used a coarse expression. For the buttonhole was—a sham!

"Confound these cheap tailors!" cried Valentine, wrathfully.

In the midst of his wrath it occurred to him that it was very nearly eight o'clock. He thought of pinning the flower to his coat, but no; the stalk would look hopelessly vulgar. He thought of ripping open the hole with a pair of scissors; but there happened to be no scissors on the table. He thought—

The clock tapped out the first strokes of eight.

He placed the flower reverently in the pocket of his poor, cheap coat, stuffed his new red silk handkerchief into his left sleeve, and with a final glance at himself in the now dusky glass, left the room in a rush while the last stroke of eight o'clock still vibrated in the air.

He entered the drawing-room with the butler, who announced dinner ere he had time to collect his senses. He stood awkwardly gazing at the glittering crowd of people. A vision in white sailed toward him, her beautiful voice said, in gentle reproach, "You have forgotten your flower, Mr. Minety!" and then he was offering his arm to another lady and following others from the room.

Throughout dinner his eyes sought hers, and sometimes she smiled encouragement. He looked dreadfully unhappy. Once, when her eyes rested upon

him, he thought of drawing the rosebud from his pocket, and touching it with his lips. But Lord Ryde was athletic, and he refrained. The lady he had taken into dinner tried valiantly, but ineffectually, to put him at his ease. He could think of nothing but that whispered reproach, "You have forgotten your flower!"

He ate of every dish, drank freely of every wine, and when the ladies passed from the room, he did actually take the rosebud from his pocket and held it, ostentatiously to his nose, in reality to his lips. Lady Ryde, moving past him at that moment, smiled prettily, and continued her progress with a strange look in her eyes. Thank goodness, she knew at last!

While Mr. Minety smoked his cigarette Lady Ryde was confiding with Miss Patch, the lady he had taken in to dinner.

"Was he dreadfully heavy, dear?" said my lady.

"Heavy! Heavy! Why, he can't even listen! I talked about the last season's improper novels, I rattled on about the war, I even tried to interest him in bulls—the creature simply gaped up the table. Not a word, not an answer of any kind, unless an occasional grunt is a part of speech. Is it? I go out so little."

"Did you talk about his picture?" asked Lady Ryde, smiling.

"I didn't know he had painted one!" "It's in the Academy."

"If I had only known! I thought you told me he was a poet, and I asked him whether he had read Mr. Archer's book, and if he thought Mr. Henley's poems would live, and if he was cutting out Austin's odes from the newspapers and pasting them in a book. What an old fool I have been! Poor, poor young man! And so he's one of your discoverers in the picture line! Water or oil, dearest? Landsee—"

"Here he is!" said Lady Ryde, and the gentlemen came into the room.

Old Lord Cheffington was shuffling toward Lady Ryde, when Mr. Minety, hurrying forward, shot in front of him and sat himself down by her side.

"How can I thank you!" he said, in a low voice.

"You are pleased?" she answered, smiling very prettily.

"It is the happiest moment of my life." "You must come again."

"And till I come again," he made answer, very tenderly, "I shall look at it every day."

That beat her. "Even if it fades?" he said.

"Oh, but it mustn't fade," she put in, thinking how freely a painter can talk about his work.

"Time is so cruel," he said sadly; "it spares not even the gifts of beauty."

"I always think," said Lady Ryde, thoughtfully, "that gifts properly employed never really decay. I hope, Mr. Minety, that you will never neglect your gift."

"It is my one thought." "Ah! that is good to hear."

"Could one possibly neglect such a gift?" cried Valentine, a little huskily. "The very thought of neglect in such a relation is blasphemy."

Lady Ryde looked at him doubtfully. "It may lose its freshness," went on Valentine, "the joy of its youth may depart, the scent that hangs about it may take to itself wings, but the message of it, the meaning of it, the great and glorious object for which it was created—that will remain till the end."

Lady Ryde put her handkerchief to her lips. "I felt, when I first discovered it," said Valentine, "that it was too sacred to be exhibited for all the world to see. I wouldn't wear it as a fool wears his heart, for daws to peck at. It was for my eyes, for my eyes alone; and so I hid it from everybody—next to my heart. It should be sacrosanct for ever!"

For the last few minutes Lady Ryde had concluded that the cellars of Ryde Castle were responsible for this exhibition of intolerable egoism; but with the next remark of Mr. Minety she concluded that he was a raving madman.

"I have already idealized it and given it a body," he said, speaking in a low voice. "It is clothed with sweet flesh, it looks at me with eloquent eyes, and it throbs with a heart of our emotion. Every night I shall kiss it, kiss those lips of the imagination; every morning I shall kiss it, kiss that proud and lofty brow; and through the long day I shall say ever to myself, 'She is with me, she sees and understands, she rejoices with me, she is sad with me.' To the rest of the world it may be a thing despicable, withered leaves, a faded flower—but to me, for ever and ever it shall be a living, breathing embodiment of all that is fairest on the earth."

"And you design your own frames?" asked Lady Ryde, a little coldly.

Mr. Minety started, almost angrily. "Ah! but it was explained. Lord Ryde was standing a few feet away, glancing over his shoulder in their direction. How deviously this pretty lady had diverted suspicion! But while Mr. Minety was secretly applauding the tact of the beautiful lady who had come under the heel of his fascinations, old Lord Cheffington—who had known Lady Ryde ever since she was a baby—shuffled over toward the settee, held out his two old wrinkled hands, and when she had placed hers there with a little glad cry, he pulled her gently by her feet and stood smiling and blinking triumphantly into her wide eyes.

"Louisa, my dear, I don't object to the salon, but you mustn't cast all your pearls before the lions, or I shall grumble like William. On my honor I shall come and tell me about your visit to Aunt Mary. I've got a good story for you about poor old Emily Powderham—a real good one. Come along."

And Valentine was left moping alone, till Miss Patch descended upon him with the rod of Ruskin.

In the midst of the good lady's chatter inspiration whispered to the soul of Mr. Minety. With a muttered apology he rose from his seat and hurried from the room. Through the hall he rushed, up the stairs he sprang and down the corri-

dor he fairly ran. He entered his room breathless, closed the door, lighted candles and dragged a chair to the writing table.

Then on a sheet of writing paper he wrote with quivering pen the following original love lines:

This rose, this rose,  
It shall be fragrant of your clothes,  
Your scented gown, your gossamer dress  
No other flower that grows  
Such mystic perfume knows—  
Such joys, such woes;  
It tells of thee, and robs me of repose;  
It shakes me like a mighty wind that blows,  
This rose!

Call me, oh, call,  
Thou' risk we run, and danger fall,  
And bid me, bid me whisper all,  
I feel, but dare not tell,  
Under this rose's spell;  
Ah, wondrous smell!  
It steals thro' all the channels of my nose,  
Into my brain, my heart, my soul it goes,  
This rose!

Then he rang the bell. He made a romantic figure standing there in the little bedroom with the stately candles flinging strange shadows on his flushed and agitated face. In his hands he held the paper—folded now and in an envelope—that confessed his hopeless passion. He twiddled the little packet nervously in his fingers, and stood there with close-shut lips, his heart beating noisily behind the shimmering front of his new shirt.

There was a knock at the door. "Enter!" said Valentine, slipping the love lines into the pocket of his coat. A surprised footman opened the door. "Come in and close the door," said Valentine, gravely.

The servant obeyed nervously. "Can you keep a secret?" asked the painter, suddenly.

The man grinned. "I want you to do me a great service, a very great service; but it must be kept secret as the grave."

The fellow shifted his feet and stood gaping. "I want you to tell me," said Valentine, approaching a step nearer, "where Lady Ryde's private rooms are."

The man backed. "Can you do that for me?"

"I'd rather you asked her ladyship, sir, or the butler," announced the man.

"Don't be a fool; I'll pay you for it," said Valentine.

He produced a sovereign he could ill afford. "I don't know that I ought to tell you," objected the servant, waveringly.

"I seek to do Lady Ryde no injury," said the painter, proudly. "I swear to you that is the truth. It is a social matter, pure and simple."

He held out the sovereign. "It's—it's the end door on the right-hand side of the main corridor," said the man, taking the money.

"And now you can go," replied Valentine, in a tone of deep tragedy.

His plan was to wait until the ladies had withdrawn and then, slipping away from the men, to find his way to Lady Ryde's room and shoot his precious envelope under the door. He would, then, linger about the corridor hoping for an answer.

In this mood he descended to the drawing-room.

But the ladies sat on and on, and so impatient was the ardor of Mr. Minety that once more he crept away from the company and climbed the stairs to the upper floor. Instead, however, of turning to the right, in which direction his bedroom lay, our gallant stole stealthily to the left and entered the main corridor.

But the footman, fearful of having done a mischief—although, as you shall learn, he had guarded his mistress from murderous attack—had hinted to Mr. Rolls, the butler, that one of the professional chaps he was looking after struck him as being more in the burglary line than anything else. "Such questions as he asked me!" said the footman. "Why, you'd think he was going to nick every jewel in her ladyship's room, you would." So it came to pass that when Valentine entered the main corridor he found it occupied by a couple of maid-servants.

With admirable sang froid Mr. Minety began a calm but slightly contemptuous examination of the pictures on the wall. With the two servants watching him (one had already rung a bell) he would half close his eyes and study a picture with his head on one side, or perhaps approach the canvas very closely and search for the name of the painter. He had gone some ten yards down the corridor in this fashion when Mr. Rolls, the butler, arrived upon the scene.

"Examining the pictures, sir?" said Mr. Minety adopted a different style of handwriting when he wrote his name in the Visitors' Book, and he did not tip the footman who had valeted him—"Town Topics."

Representatives Payne and Dalzell on their recent visit to the South argued only upon the intelligence of dogs, says the New York "Tribune." Mr. Dalzell held that the collie was the wisest of the dog family, while Mr. Payne claimed this honor for the bulldog, backing up his contention with a strange dog story.

Was it a Compliment?

Barber—You don't belong to this town, do you?  
Patient—Oh, yes, I do.  
Barber—I don't know your face.  
Patient—Oh, of course not. It's healed up since I saw you last.

Interested Motives.

The first missionaries who landed in New Guinea had many difficulties to contend with, of which the most persistent was the suspicion of the natives.

The Rev. James Chalmers, who was there twenty years ago, says the prevailing theory was that the missionaries had been compelled to leave their own land on account of hunger. This was

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Child Study.

One hundred children were handed each a hot iron.

Thirty-three boys and eighteen girls said "Ouch!" Twenty-five girls and ten boys said "Ouch!"

Of the girls who said "Ouch!" seven had pug-noses and one toed in.

Thirteen boys born of foreign parents said "Ouch!"

The conclusions to be drawn from this interesting experiment will be embodied in a book and published in the Practical Science Series.

Revenge.

The burglar softly opened the door of the suburbanite's sleeping apartment, slipped inside, and searched the room thoroughly, but found nothing worth stealing. "Darn him!" he soliloquized; "I'll get some satisfaction out of him, anyway!" Thereupon he set the alarm clock on the bureau for the hour of three, and softly departed—Chicago "Tribune."

For the HORSE SHOW

English White Vests

"West End" style.

Worcester DOGSKIN GLOVES \$1.00 pair Made in England

Sole Agents Stowasser's Leggings

WREYFORD & CO.

85 KING STREET WEST

Friendships formed over a cup of tea will be strengthened by drinking

...LUDELLA

CEYLON

"A reputable and honest farmer," he said, "told me once that he owned a sagacious bulldog to which he had given the name of Oscar. He also owned a bulldog of a fiery and malignant character. On a summer evening, when the sun's heat had inflamed the latter's temper highly, Oscar sauntered past him and was instantly attacked.

"Oscar ran with all his speed, but he was no match for his pursuer. Every second the distance between the two became smaller. The farmer, a long way off, was hurrying to the rescue, but it helped to him as though all thought of help was futile. Oscar seemed foredoomed.

"And then a strange thing happened. Oscar, as he ran, picked up a stone and carried it in his mouth. Nearer and nearer came the enemy. But now Oscar dropped the stone, and his pursuer, thinking it was something very valuable—something, maybe, to eat—stopped and examined it. His pause was brief, but nevertheless it was long enough for Oscar. On account of it the wise dog reached the farmhouse and was safe.

"The farmer claimed that the dropping of the stone had been a premeditated, well conceived act, and I agree with him. That is why I claim that the bulldog is the most intelligent of all his tribe."

### The Bower of Cupid.

By Frank Dempster Sherman.

Whoso enters at this portal  
Shall find Love the one immortal.

Green the grave that hides the grotto  
Over which is hung this motto:

Broidered paths of bloom and berry  
Lead unto the monarch merr;

Birds above on leafy branches  
Loosen lyric avalanches;

Bees go singing in the sunny,  
Blossom-builed haunts of honey;

Flutes of brooks and lutes of grasses  
Waken with each wind that passes;

All is fragrance, song and joy,  
Made for one immortal boy!

Many seek this grotto hidden;  
Welcome all, and none forbidden.

Soft the air and clear as amber;  
Round the gate red roses clamber;

Day long, and music fill it;  
Night sends moon and star to thrill it.

Voices, visions, dreams of rapture,  
There await, the heart to capture;

Full it is of faultless faces—  
All the Muses and the Graces;

Poem, picture, flower and fancy—  
Every form of necromancy;

Naught to worry or annoy,  
Save the one immortal boy!

In this grotto lies the golden  
Guest-book, full of legends olden

Writ by lovers on its pages  
Since the daybreak of the ages;

Paris, Helen, Petrarch, Laura,  
Melager, Heliodora,

All the glorious Amante  
Sung of old by Tuscan Dante;

Names that shine in song and story  
Crowd this volume with their glory—

Taken left by all the lovers  
In the world, between the covers;

Love the record cannot cloy,  
Love, the one immortal boy.

Eve in Eden, fresh and fairly,  
Found on Earth this grotto fairly;

So, it came forever after  
To be haunted by her laughter.

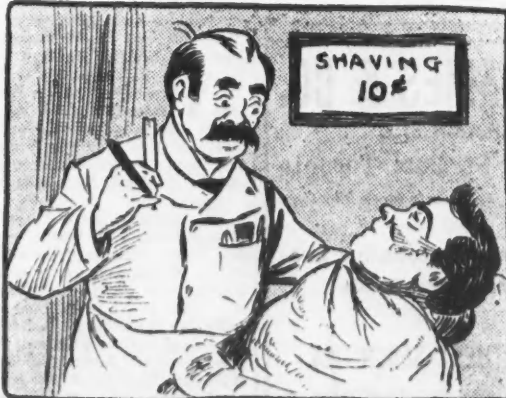
What a countless throng have tasted  
Love therein ere life was wasted!

Blind they call the boy, in kindness,  
Yet is theirs the only blindness.

He is sure of ear and vision,  
Hearts he matches with precision;

That is Cupid's only duty  
In this bower of bliss and beauty—

That the end of all employ  
Is for one immortal boy!





**The SECRET OF PERFECT BUST FORM**  
and  
**Sent Free**  
Madam Thora's French Corset System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to enlarge the bust six inches; also fills hollow places in neck and chest. It has been used by leading actresses and society ladies for 20 years. Book giving full particulars sent free, life, showing figures before and after using the Corset System. Letters answered confidentially. Enclose stamp and address, **Madam Thora Toilet Co., Toronto, Ont.**

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The great specific for rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, sciatica and nervous troubles.

## THE WELLAND

fitted with modern bath system, massage, static electricity, under charge of skilled physician and attendants. Roof sun parlor, promenade. Rooms with telephones, private baths, amusement-rooms, gymnasium. Apply—  
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**At Mrs. Meyer's Parlors, 1801 Queen West**  
are again served as nice and tasty as they were last season (other meals and luncheons as well). Try our meals and have a look at our ball-room. Phone Park 905.

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need not interfere with your plans of having your fine lace curtains cleaned. We call for, clean and deliver your curtains without the possibility of injury to them.

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Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto  
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Must Bear Signature of **Dr. Wood**  
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Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

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FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR SALLON SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

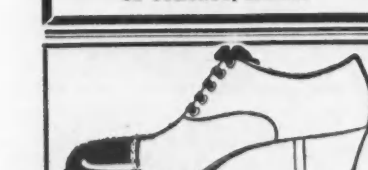
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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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—NO DREGS—  
—NOT CARBONATED—

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OF TORONTO, Limited



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They set off the beauties of a perfect foot and improve one not so well formed. Sold by  
**H. & C. BLANCHARD, 114 Yonge Street**

## Curious Bits of News.

Professor Curie of Paris, who, aided by his wife, discovered and extracted from pitch-blende the strange substance called radium, recently remarked that he would not venture into a room containing one kilogram of radium because it would probably destroy his eyesight, burn off his skin, and even kill him. Radium gives off more abundantly than any other known substance the mysterious emanations named Becquerel rays, which are supposed to consist of almost infinitely minute particles. They are driven off with a velocity as high as 100,000 miles per second, and cause serious inflammations upon the hands of persons working with the substance. They also give rise to luminous effects.

In consequence of the construction of the great Assouan dam on the Nile, 600 miles above Cairo, the famous temples on the island of Philae are partially submerged when the reservoir is full of water. But the civilized world would not willingly see these magnificent relics of antiquity destroyed, and accordingly an elaborate system of underpinning the buildings was adopted. Some of the colonnades and temples were found to be resting on fractured stone beams, broken by subsidence of the soil. Heavy steel girders, enclosed with rubble masonry and mortar, which protect them from corrosion, were placed under the broken foundations, and the masonry was carried down to bed rock beneath. The work was done in the face of considerable danger, but without accident.

The project of climbing the loftiest mountain on earth, Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, whose tremendous height, according to trigonometrical measurements, 29,002 feet above sea-level, has now reached a stage immediately antecedent to the actual attempt. A party, led by Mr. Eckenstein, an experienced climber, has set out for the foot of the great peak. Several celebrated mountain-climbers have expressed the opinion that the feat is feasible, but only by the method of gradual ascent, whereby the adventurers may become inured to the effects of a rare atmosphere. Months, and even years, may be spent in ascending to higher and higher levels, a long pause being made after every considerable advance. The highest ascent now on record is that of Aconcagua, in the Andes, the elevation of which is 23,080 feet, 5,922 feet, or more than a mile, less than the height of Everest.

Recent press despatches announce the discovery by a professor in Prague of a lamp lighted by means of bacteria. Of this report "The Lancet" (London) remarks: "We suppose that the discovery amounts to an improved method of feeding photogenic bacteria, the existence of which has been known for some years. . . . The experiment is quite simple and easily succeeds. All that is necessary is to place the flesh of fresh haddock or herring in a two or three percent solution of common salt, keeping the mixture at a temperature of about 7 degrees C. above freezing point. After a few days it will be found that not merely the flesh of the fish but also the whole of the liquid in which it is immersed gives off a pale greenish light, which becomes much more brilliant if a little sugar is added. . . . Doubtless by paying attention to the needs of these specific bacteria—by employing, for example, highly stimulating food—more intense light than was hitherto the case has been obtained. It is even suggested that the bacteria light might afford a safety-lamp for the miner."

Probably few persons who go up or down Broadway or any other important thoroughfare of New York city have ever stopped to ask why the hands on the faces of nearly all the big wooden clocks that swing as signs over jewelry stores indicate that it is eighteen minutes past eight o'clock. These clock hands indicate, according to the New York "Tribune," the exact time in the evening when Lincoln, accompanied by his wife, left the White House on April 14, 1865, to go to Ford's Theater, Washington, where John Wilkes Booth, the actor, shot him. The man who first originated this wooden clock sign idea had a workshop in a downtown street in 1865, and shortly after the assassination he conceived the idea of painting the hands on all his signs to point out the special time. His successors in the business continued the practice, as did other men. There is probably not a great street in New York city to-day that has not one or more of these reminders.

## Built Over.

**Food That Rebuilds a Man's Body and Built It Right.**

By food alone, with a knowledge of what food to use, disease can be warded off and health maintained; also many even chronic diseases can be cured. It is manifestly best and safest to depend upon food to cure rather than too much drugging.

A case in point will illustrate. A well-known man of Reading, Pa., treasurer of a certain club there, says: "I have never written a testimonial letter, but I have been using Grape-Nuts about a year and have recovered my health, and feel that I would like to write you about it, for the case is extraordinary."

"For five years I was a sufferer from a dreadful condition of the bowels; the trouble was most obscure." Here follows a detailed description, and the condition certainly was distressing enough (details can be given by mail).

"Nothing in the way of treatment of drugs benefited me in the least, and an operation was seriously considered. In May, 1901, I commenced using Grape-Nuts as a food and with no idea that it would in any way help my condition. In two or three weeks' time I noticed an improvement and there was a steady gain from that time on until now I am practically well. I don't know how to explain the healing value of the food, but for some reason, although it has taken nearly a year, I have recovered my health and the change is entirely attributable to Grape-Nuts food. For I long ago quit medicine. I eat only Grape-Nuts for breakfast and luncheon, but at my night dinner I have an assorted meal." Name furnished by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

## The Ass and the Lion.

Translated from the Portuguese of Antone Leandro's "Old Time Tales."

By William S. Birge, M.D.

HERE once lived in Portugal, about two days' journey from Lisbon, a miller who had an ass, which, like other asses, had very long ears, thick lips and a voice that made the whole country resound. His fare was so poor and mean that he was but a skeleton, and could no longer bear his burden. Then he was beaten every day by the miller, who tried to make him do what was beyond his power. At last he ran away from his master, and went long and far, till he came to the foot of a mountain, so verdant and pleasing in all things that he resolved to remain there for the remainder of his days.

He looked all around him to see if there was anything to be feared and then boldly ascended the mountain, where at his pleasure he grazed upon the fine grass before him, thanking God that he had been delivered from the hands of the wicked and cruel tyrant of a miller and put in sweet grass up to his knees to sustain his miserable life.

While he was satisfying his appetite, a proud lion approached, who marvelled greatly at the boldness of the ass in having come to feed upon the mountain without license. And having never before seen such an animal, the lion was afraid of him and dared not pass him at first.

On the other hand, the ass, seeing the lion, was so much alarmed that his hair bristled and stood up. He no longer dared bend his neck to eat the grass, nor even move from his place.

Finally, the lion, growing confident, approached the ass and said to him:

"What are you doing here, comrade? What has made you so bold as to come here? Who are you?"

To whom the ass replied:

"And who are you yourself that ask me this?"

Then the lion, astonished at this proud reply, answered:

"I am the king of all the animals."

"What is your name?" demanded the ass.

"They call me lion. And what is your name?"

The ass with restored confidence, replied:

"They who know me call me Brancalion."

Then the lion said to himself:

"Truly, here is something I cannot comprehend. This person must be something more than I am." And addressing the ass, said:

"Brancalion, your name and words show clearly that you ought to be more powerful, robust and courageous than I am. Nevertheless, I am of the opinion that we would better prove each other."

These words so puffed up the ass that he turned his back upon the lion, threw his hind legs into the air and brayed very furiously to the great surprise of the lion.

The evening now being near at hand, the lion said to the ass:

"We will repose now, brother, and tomorrow morning prove our strength and skill. He who then shows himself best able to do three things which I shall propose shall be lord of the mountain."

To which the ass agreed.

The morning came, and they arose and went forth in company till they arrived at a deep and wide ditch. Then the lion said to the ass:

"Brancalion, I am your friend, but I shall never be at rest till I know your power and skill. Do me the pleasure, I beseech you, now that the occasion presents itself, to let me see which of us can best leap this ditch." Saying this, he bounded to the other side.

The ass did his best to follow him, but leaped so awkwardly that he fell upon a great log in the middle of the ditch, where he was in great danger of death, his fore feet and head on one side, and the rest of his body on the other.

The lion, noticing the perilous condition of the ass, cried out:

"What are you doing, comrade?"

But the poor ass was past answering. So the lion, fearing that he would die if left to hang there upon the log, descended into the ditch and drew him out.

The ass, finding himself out of danger, turned round and heaped upon him all the abuse in his power. The lion, astonished at this ungrateful conduct, asked why he thus upbraided him when he had so kindly saved his life.

The ass, pretending to be angry, replied with insolence:

"You vile and malicious creature! Do you ask me why I upbraid you? I wish you to know that you have deprived me of the greatest pleasure I ever received. You thought perhaps that I was suffering while I was ravished with delight."

"What kind of delight?" asked the lion.

"It was on purpose that I landed on the log, my fore feet on one side and my hind feet on the other, that I might balance myself, and know which is heaviest, my head or my tail."

"You are indeed a cunning creature," answered the lion. "I never would have believed what I do of you if I had not learned by my own observation. I am satisfied that you ought to be king of the mountain."

Going further on, they came to a wide and swift-flowing river.

"Brancalion, my friend," said the lion, "if you are willing, we will again try our strength and dexterity in swimming this river."

"I am willing," said Brancalion, "but I want to see you swim across before I do."

The lion, who was a good swimmer, crossed the river in less than no time. Standing on the opposite shore, he cried out:

"Brancalion, what are you doing over there? Why don't you swim over? Courage! Courage! I am waiting for you."

The poor ass threw himself into the water and swam to the middle of the river, where, overcome by the force of the current and the waves, his head went under and he soon sank entirely out of sight. The lion knew not what to do, fearing on the one hand that the ass would drown, and on the other, that he helped him, he might again be angry, and kill him. He finally decided to help him, and plunged into the stream and caught him by the tail, which he pulled so long and vigorously that he succeeded in getting him to the bank.

The ass, finding himself on land, safe from the terrible waves, put himself into a passion as before and abused the lion.

"Traitor! Wretch!" he exclaimed, "you are my evil spirit, depriving me of all

that I enjoy. Ah me! When shall I again have such enjoyment!"

The lion tried to excuse himself, saying:

"Comrade, my dear friend, I was afraid you would drown in the river. That is why I drew you out. I thought I was doing you a favor instead of displeasing you."

"Keep silence, I pray you," said the ass. "But tell me, if you can, what profit or pleasure you had in swimming the river?"

"None," answered the lion.

"See if I had none," returned the ass, shaking the water from his long ears and body. Then seeing a little fish fall at his feet, he exclaimed: "Do you see now, you great blockhead, what you have done? If I had only been allowed to go to the bottom of the river, I should at my ease and pleasure have taken a multitude of those fishes. I warn you now not to interfere with me any more, if you do not wish to make me your enemy, which would not be well for you, I assure you. Whenever you think me dead or in danger of death, I wish you to leave me alone; for what seems to you death is life and happiness to me."

The shades of night were now gathering, and the lion and ass sought a place of repose. The next morning they were awake at the first dawn of light, and agreed to go hunting, the lion in one direction, the ass in another, and to meet again at a certain hour and place, when the one who had captured the most game was to be king of the mountain.

The lion went into the deepest part of the forest, where he killed and ate much prey; the ass went to a farm where he saw the barn door open, and a great pile of oats on the barn floor. He entered without leave, and ate so much oats that he was ready to burst. He then repaired to the place where he was to meet the lion and lay down. A raven flying by and seeing him lying motionless, thought he was dead, and lighting on him, picked off the grains of oats that were still sticking to his lips. Vexed with the raven, the ass struck it such a blow with one of his hoofs that it fell dead beside him.

When the lion returned from his chase he said to Brancalion:

"Hear what I have taken, and tell me if I am not a good hunter?"

Then he told what game he had taken.

"And how did you take it?" said Brancalion.

The lion told him all he had done, his arts, his ambushes and his maces.

The ass interrupted him:

"O fool, brainless creature that you are! From morning until now you have not ceased to run, and bustle, and brush through the thickets, and chase over the mountains to take what little you took. And I, lying here and taking my pleasure, have caught and eaten so much that I am just ready to burst, as you may easily see. And to prove to you that I am not telling idle stories, I have kept this fat bird as a morsel for you, which for the love of me, I beg you will accept."

The lion thanked the ass for the bird and then went away, resolved never again to present himself before the ass. While on his way he met a wolf running at great speed. The lion stopped him with the enquiry:

"Where are you going so fast, comrade wolf?"

"On important business. I must be at a certain place this very hour, so don't trouble me," replied the wolf.

But the lion, believing that the wolf was rushing into danger, begged him to go no farther.

"Not far from here," said he, "is Brancalion, a very strange animal, with monstrous ears, and a hide thick enough for a shield. His voice is like thunder; any beast would fly before it. Then he does the most wonderful things. He is a monarch before whom all must tremble."

The wolf knew that the lion spoke of the ass, and said to him:

"Don't be afraid. It is only an ass, the most contemptible animal ever created, good for nothing but to bear burdens and blows. As for me, I have eaten in my time more than a hundred of them. Come with me. We may go safely, as I shall show you."

"Go, my friend, if it seems good to you," said the lion; "for my part, I am satisfied with what I have seen."

But the wolf prevailed on the lion to accompany him on condition that they should not separate from each other; and to make this sure, they tied their tails together. They then started towards the ass, who saw them at a distance, and, being afraid, was just about to fly, when the lion, pointing him out to the wolf, exclaimed:

"See, brother! See him coming straight for us! Let us not wait, for he will kill us. I know his fury."

The wolf burned with the desire to attack the ass.

"Be quiet," he said to the lion, "be quiet, I entreat you, and have no fear. It is only an ass."

But the lion more frightened than ever, plunged through the most tangled thickets, and leaped the widest ditches. While he was breaking through a thick hedge a thorn tore open his left eye. Such was his fright that he thought the hurt came from Brancalion; and, still flying on, exclaimed to the wolf:

"Didn't I tell you rightly, comrade? Run! Run! Run faster! He has already put out one of my eyes."

And still flying he dragged the poor wolf against the sharp rocks, and through the most dangerous places, till the poor creature died of his bruises and other hurts.

When at last the lion believed himself in safety, he said to the wolf:

"Comrade, I think we may now untie our tails; what do you say?"

Hearing no answer, he turned and saw that he was fastened to a dead body.

"Ah, comrade, I told you he would kill you," he exclaimed; "but you were obstinate; you would not believe me. See what it has cost us! You have lost your life, and I my left eye."

Then, untiring himself, he abandoned the dead wolf, and went to hide himself in dense and dark caverns, leaving the ass possessor of the mountain, from whence it has come that the ass dwells among the haunts of men, and the lion in savage and uninhabited places.

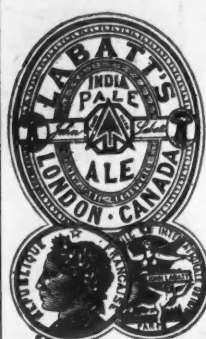
But men, as well as lions, are sometimes deceived and over-reached by false pretensions.

## A Change, at Least.

Like many good, fresh jokes, this one from the Chicago "News" is built on a very old and very common experience:

"Your daughter has improved wonderfully in her piano-playing," said Mrs. Nexton.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," replied



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W. Johnson Quinn, Prop.

Mrs. Homer, "if you are really sincere."

"Why do you think I am not sincere?"

"Well, you see, we didn't know whether she was improving or whether we were merely getting used to it."

**St. Thomas Man Gives Advice.**

Tells His Friends to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills for Kidney Pains.

Low Lake, well-known Hotel-keeper, gives his Experience with Canada's great Kidney Remedy.

St. Thomas, Ont., April 20.—(Special.)—Everybody in St. Thomas and the surrounding country knows Low Lake, proprietor of the Lake House and one of this railway center's most popular citizens, and many people know that for years he was the victim of a very aggravated form of Kidney Disease. To-day he is a sound, healthy man. He used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Speaking of the matter recently, Mr. Lake said:

"I had been troubled for over five years with my Kidneys and pains in my back. Nothing I used could give me any relief till finally on the advice of a friend I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"By the time I had finished one box the pains and Kidney Disease were gone. That is over five years ago now, and as I have had no return of the trouble since, I think I am safe in concluding that the cure was permanent."

"I advise all my friends who are troubled in the same way to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all stages of Kidney Disease from Pain in the Back to Bright's Disease.

"Puff"—Really Impossible.

The Canadian Parliament has passed a motion forbidding the import, manufacture, or sale of cigarettes.—Morning Paper.

Though 'tis, at best, a very old and somewhat feeble joke.

This motion, we are bound to say, must end, ere long, in smoke! For, though Canadians cigarettes must not import or sell.

They'll find that those they make themselves will serve them just as well!

—London "Truth."

## A Great Invention.

YES, sir, the telephone is the greatest invention of the age.

Let me give you an illustration of what it can do. You know that I live out in the country?"

"Yes."

"Well, yesterday morning after I came to town, my cook left suddenly, whereupon my wife immediately called me up and told me about it."

"How much did it cost?"

"Oh, a mere nothing. Twenty-five cents."

"What happened then?"

"Well, I immediately called up the manager of my servant's agency. Had some little trouble in getting her, it is true, but I got her."

"What did she say?"

"Told me to call up a lady in Plainfield, who had a cook who was going to leave."



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**Lewis A. Crossetts'**

goods just passed into stock. All men's Oxfords and lace boots.

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EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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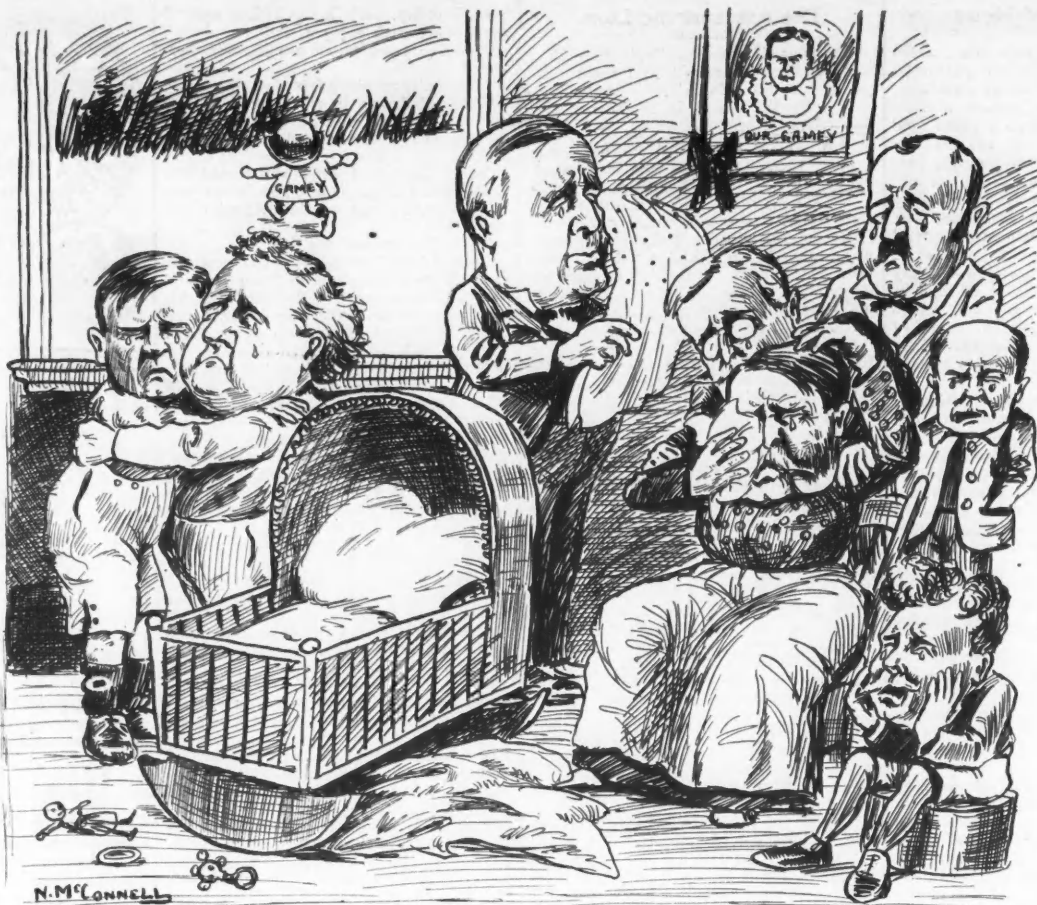
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The Aborn production at Shea's of Smith and De Koven's well-known comic opera, "Rob Roy," attracted large audiences to the snug little Yonge street theater this week. "Rob Roy" has always been popular, though from a musical standpoint it is certainly one of De Koven's "tackiest" creations. It is redeemed, however, by its thoroughly romantic atmosphere—something in which many more recent operatic comedies are wholly lacking. As a background for a stage story nothing could be more ideal than picturesque Scotland, with its plumed chieftains and plaided lasses, while the episode on which the plot is based, that of Flora Macdonald's attachment to "Bonnie Prince Charlie," is rich in the element of human interest. For this reason "Rob Roy," though hackneyed by its nine years of varying fortune on the stage, can always find enthusiastic auditors wherever and whenever produced. The Aborn production was satisfactory from a stock company standpoint. Mr. J. K. Murray as Rob Roy MacGregor and Miss Eleanor Guisti as Janet MacWhieble were the bright particular stars of the performance. Big John Dunsmore, with the robust bass voice, made a perfect Lochiel, and in the comic roles of the Mayor of Perth and the Town Crier, Messrs. Phil Branson and Charles P. Swickard were successful in large measure. Outside of these the cast was not strong, however. Mr. Joseph W. Smith as Prince Charlie has some fine opportunities both as a soloist and in duet with Flora Macdonald (Hattie Belle Ladd), but on the night when I heard the piece Mr. Smith could not sing in tune for a minute, and some of the results, musically considered, were execrating to persons with a sensitive ear. Miss Ladd has a pleasing voice, as was exemplified when she got a chance to use it by herself, but in her duets with Mr. Smith she was manifestly at a disadvantage.

In "Lord Strathmore," founded on the novel of that name by Ouida, we break into the thick of the plot in the first act and are not kept guessing as to what the character of the heroine, Marion, Marchioness of Vavasour, is to be. She is a beautiful, very fascinating woman, but a coquette, loving only the great power she exercises over men, her slaves, and seemingly devoid of honor, sincerity or truth. The first scene is at a house party in Lord Strathmore's home, with the Marchioness queening it over all. Lord Strathmore, a stern, ambitious, woman-despising man, has fallen completely under her spell and refuses to be disillusioned by his bosom friend, Major Bertie Erroll. For her sake Lord Strathmore gives up a fine diplomatic position just offered him and, in fact, forsakes his ambitions for her. The Marquis of Vavasour, her supposed husband, is one of the best characters, though he only toddles around sampling wines and chuckling at his lady's escapades and successes and never interfering in any way. There is some mystery about their marriage, which comes out later. A mysterious gypsy, Redempta, breaks in upon a tete-a-tete between Marion, the Marchioness, and Strathmore and prophesies frightful troubles to follow. In the second act, at Hotel de Vavasour, Marion tries to capture Major Erroll, and writes him a note, inviting him to come and visit her. He sends a refusal, but changes his mind and comes for dinner. She tries all her arts upon him, but though he loves her he remains true to this untrue woman, hinting at her having tried to win him. This time he causes a disruption of the old friendship. Strathmore finds Erroll's note of refusal (with reasons of refusal attached) and demands the privilege of reading it. As this would show her in her true colors, Marion snatches it and tears it up, and to further save herself charges Erroll with treachery to him and with insulting her. She stirs Strathmore to such a point with her lies that he kills Erroll in a duel, only to find by a letter the latter leaves that his warnings were true and that he (Strathmore) had been deceived. During the duel Marion had suddenly realized that she loved Strathmore better than anybody else, but it is too late. Redempta, who had crept in and overheard a great deal she should not have, tells him she can find out what would ruin Marion and make her suffer. Strathmore wants to kill Marion, but foregoes that pleasure and agrees to help Redempta. They discover that Marion, though having the title and position of Marchioness, is not married to the Marquis. It is noised about Paris and in the third act she rushes in to the Marquis with the awful news, only to find him dying. She begs him to marry her, but he refuses and dies under her curses. In the next act she begs of Strathmore to protect her by denying the rumors that have gone abroad. It is a very affecting scene. He, too, refuses, however, and she becomes an outcast, much to the glee of Redempta, who hates her for an old wrong. In the last act, after an interval of ten years, Marion turns up again. She comes on in the conventional black shawl, hollow-eyed and degraded, to light Strathmore's life again. He had been the guardian of Major Erroll's daughter Lucile since the duel, and has now fallen in love with her. They become engaged, and then Marion steps in. But in the traditional fashion she is turned from her evil purpose of telling on Strathmore by the youthful and innocent manner of Lucile. She dies after joining her hands and telling Lucile that Strathmore is the noblest man on earth. The whole thing is very melodramatic and the supporting company poor. Virginia Drew Trescott as Marion the Marchioness of Vavasour is a graceful, spirited actress. She fills the role with brightness and life, excepting in the last act. Here a little touch of her old self would save the play from its weak ending. Mr. A. Law Gisko made a splendid Marquis of Vavasour. Mr. Alexander Frank played the part of Lord Strathmore. Miss Trescott, it is but fair to say, plays under great difficulty this week owing to an injury received in a railway accident.

Advertising to the much-discussed action of Manager Bourcier of the Garrick Theater, London, in barring out the critic of the "Times" from a first performance, an authority upon theatrical affairs in America says in an opinion which has been extensively quoted, that the critics of the daily press have mostly destroyed their influence and that "only the calm, conservative, impartial and experienced judgment of the weekly papers is now respected by the public." A leading London paper adds: "Whatever the cause, there is not the slightest doubt that the attitude of the public toward our own



SCENE IN THE TORY HOUSEHOLD, TUESDAY A.M.  
Empty is the cradle, baby's gone.

critics has been characterized by similar sentiments." In New York the subject was thrashed out years ago at the time when the "Herald" had a dramatic critic who so aggrieved the managers by the daily exposures of their shortcomings that they formed a league, withdrew their advertisements, and announced in all the other papers, "This establishment does not advertise in the 'Herald.'" The elder Bennett viewed the situation with his usual equanimity, and said, "Buy your seats, write your criticisms as usual—and double the advertising rates when the managers get ready to come back." The critic of the "Herald" must have been right, for the public sustained him, and one after another the theaters returned to the advertising columns and have stayed there ever since, the double rates more than compensating Mr. Bennett for their temporary absence. The moral is plain: No critic can exert any influence when the playing public discover that he is willfully or ignorantly in the wrong, and no manager can afford to interfere with a critic who writes what playgoers know to be the truth.

The burned Toronto Opera House is to be replaced by a new playhouse, costing \$75,000, which will be leased by Mr. Ambrose J. Small as before. The contract for the erection and lease of the new building was signed last week by Messrs. Perrin, the owners of the property, and Mr. Small. The plans are being prepared by Architect Walter S. Painter of Detroit. The new theater, it is promised, will have a larger seating capacity than any other place of amusement in the city. August 1st is mentioned as the date on which the new theater is to be ready for occupation.

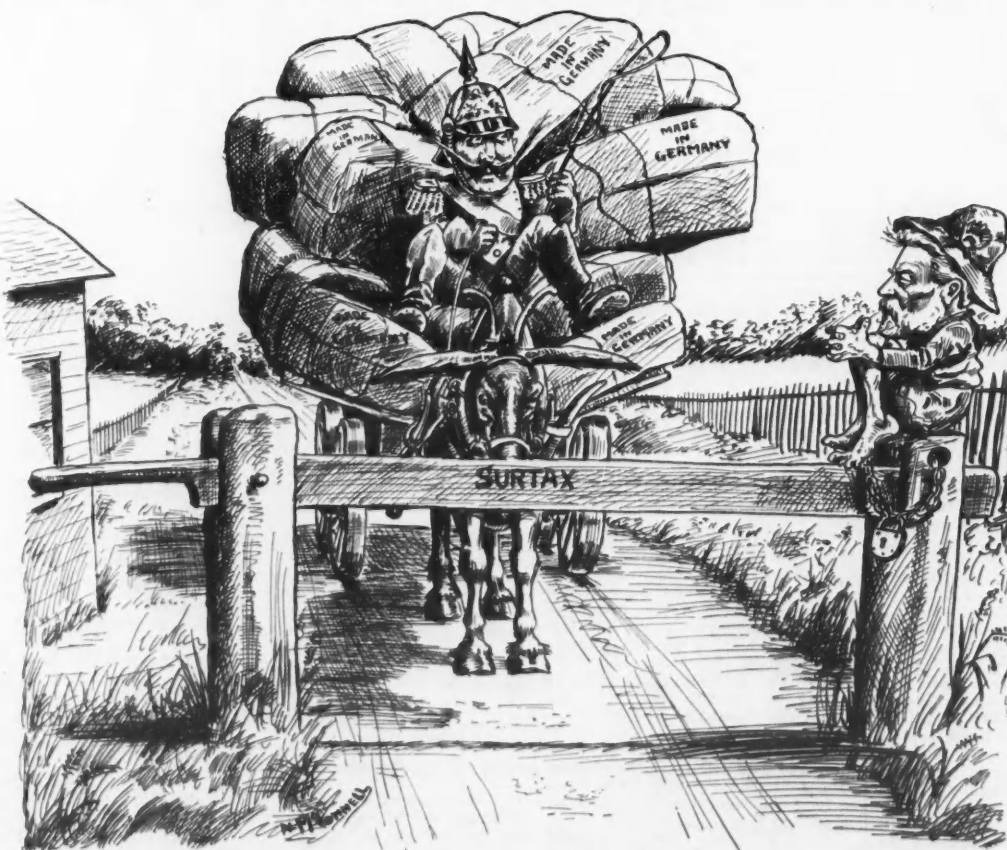
The new Biblical play, "The Holy City," by W. B. Hurst, will be presented at the Princess Theater for one week beginning Monday, April 27th. The play is written in blank verse and is the story of Mary Magdalene varied and amplified as the author has seen fit. Many Biblical characters appear in it, but Biblical history has been altered for the purpose of the play. Mary is made the sister of Martha and Lazarus. In the first act she is seen as a dissolute character living in luxury and surrounded by vicious companions. This, of course, is the traditional character of Mary Magdalene, even though, as Biblical students assert, there is nothing in the story of the Gospels to support the hypothesis that she was a wanton. Barabbas, a young zealot in revolt against Rome, has previously saved her from a mob and has fallen in love with her. Mary declares her love for him, but refuses to marry him. Mary then comes under the influence of the Nazarene and is converted. She sells all she has and gives it to the poor and follows Jesus to Jerusalem. The second act brings a reconciliation with Martha and Lazarus, and Mary's meeting with the Master himself. It shows Peter's anger because Jesus has said Peter would deny him, and foreshadows the treachery of Judas. Barabbas, escaping for his life, dashes into the court, sees Mary, and forces her into the shadow of the wall, while the soldiers in his pursuit pass one way, and the mob, headed by Judas, on the way to Gethsemane, pass the other. Mary rejects Barabbas's love, and says: "I follow the Nazarene." Act III shows the denial of Peter and the trial before Pilate. Judas is dragged on by the mob as a witness against Jesus, and gives the first indications of his remorse. Mary forces her way to plead for Jesus, and the act closes with the release of Barabbas. The fourth act

shows the day of the crucifixion, Peter's repentance, and the grief and horror of the various characters. Act V shows the morning of the resurrection, with Mary watching over the grave. Caiaphas learns of the resurrection and shows his fear that he may have been wrong. The angel announces that Christ has risen and the curtain descends on the joy of the first Easter morning.

Another Smith-De Koven success will be the offering at Shea's Theater by the Aborn Opera Company next week, when "The Highwayman" will be seen and heard with all the scenery, costumes and effects used in the first mounting of the opera at the Broadway Theater, New York. "The Highwayman" is one of those fanciful, unbelievable bits of nonsense founded on a smattering of history, but principally evolved from the fertile imagination of Harry B. Smith. The book is rich with unique characters and ingenious complications. One character whose name is now almost a household word—Foxy Quiller—was first seen in "The Highwayman," and proved to be such a novel creation that a new opera was immediately constructed, with Foxy as the central character. The story of "The Highwayman" revolves upon the adventures of one Captain Scarlett, a noted "knight of the road," whose real name was Dick Fitzgerald, a young soldier of fortune who has been ruined by gambling and fast company, and finally takes to the road as a means of living. There really was such a character at the beginning of the last century in England, who "held up" stages and pedestrians on Hounslow Heath, and became a terror to the countryside in those picturesque days before railroads were invented, and before the dashing and romantic highwayman of old gave way to the more modern inventions, the embezzler and absconder. An affair of the heart between Dick and Lady Constance Sinclair, who have known each other since childhood, lends color to the picture and adds life and interest to the story, and the comedy element is strongly presented by the ludicrous mistakes of Foxy Quiller and his constables from Bow Street on the one hand and of Captain Lovelace and his soldiers on the other, in attempting to capture the shifty and cautious Captain Scarlett, always arresting somebody on the slightest suspicion, but never securing the right party. The cast for next week will introduce to the patrons of Shea's Theater another set of principals, including prominent operatic favorites, specially engaged for their various parts. Miss Laura Millard, who will be heard in the prima donna role of Constance, has won favor with such attractions as Augustin Daly's "The Geisha Girl," the Castle Square Opera Company, and the Tivoli Opera Company of San Francisco. Last year she sang the part of Dolores in "Florodora," and the season just past she was with the Lulu Glaser Company. Mr. William Herman West, Miss Olive Thorne, Johnny Mayon the diminutive comedian, George Tallman, Coit Albertson, Osborne Clemson, and Margaret Robinson, a winsome little soubrette who has been prominent in vaudeville, are some of the new names.

## Treating a Nervous Child.

In his "children" stories Kipling says: "Only women understand children thoroughly, but if a mere man keeps very quiet and humbles himself properly and refrains from talking down to his superiors, the children will sometimes be good to him, and let him see what they



BILL MEETS BILL.

Bill Fielding to Bill Hohenzollern—How do you like our new toll-gate? We copied it after your'n.

think about the world. But, even after patient investigation and the condescension of the nursery, it is hard to draw babies correctly."

It is true, that where a man must wonder in his regard a mother will step in and understand. Otherwise the great men and good women of the world would not exist, and the old world would have less record of noble deeds than it shows today. But in spite of this quick "mother-soul," the fact remains that thousands of little ones grow to manhood and womanhood without for a moment being understood thoroughly, without knowing the entire sympathy which can develop the blossom.

"I believe," laughed a young father the other day, "that if I found anyone forcing my young ones into 'the dark,' as I used to be forced, I should murder that individual upon the spot. My own torture remains with me too vividly for that. As a child I was of a frightfully nervous temperament. My people being all sturdy, healthy beings, could not understand 'nerves' in a boy. They ridiculed the thing openly. Endeavored in all possible ways to 'harden me.' One of my fiercest trials was descending to the cellar to bring up apples. My family used to eat apples during the evening reading circle. Of course, when the apples were to be brought, I was despatched to the cellar. The agonies I underwent in going up and down the dark stairway have determined me to spare my own youngsters all similar tribulations."

What a ridiculous thing it is, this process of "hardening," as it is understood. "Hardening" is certainly desirable, the strengthening of a child's physical powers, quieting his nervous system and developing his reasoning powers. But these ends were never yet accomplished by adding new shocks to a frail constitution.

## Society at the Capital.

THE concert in aid of the Cottage Hospital Fund, in which Lady Minto has taken such a deep interest, came off on Saturday night in St. Patrick's Hall. It was certainly a great musical treat, and well repaid Lady Minto and her friends for all the trouble and thought they had bestowed on getting it up. Burmeister, the great pianist, was the principal performer on the occasion, and he had for his assistants Mr. Donald Heins, violinist; Mr. Barrington Foote, England's great baritone; Madame Louise Clary, and Mrs. Adam Beck. Dr. Gibson and Mr. Winter acted as accompanists. It is very satisfactory to know that the concert was a great financial success as well, all the artists, and the printers and all connected with it, having given their services gratuitously, showing how deep an interest they all take in the object whose fund Lady Minto is so anxious to further. Mr. Burmeister, Mr. Barrington Foote, and also Mrs. Adam Beck, were guests at Government House while in Ottawa. Several supper parties were given after the concert, one at which Lady Cartwright was the hostess including the following guests: Dr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Spain, Miss Dora Wood, Miss Amy McLimont, Mr. Donald Heins, Mr. Jamieson and Mr. Pelton Gilmour. Mr. Agar Adamson also entertained at a delightful little supper, his guests numbering about ten or twelve.

Ottawa is having more than its share of musical treats just now, as besides the great Musical Festival which came off on Monday and Tuesday evenings, the 20th and 21st, there will be yet another amateur performance on the 27th in the Russell Theater, when Gilbert and Sullivan's well-known operetta of "H.M.S. Pinafore" will be presented by one hundred and fifty juvenile performers, in aid of the Cottage Hospital Endowment Fund of the Victorian Order of Nurses. It will be under the immediate patronage of the Countess of Minto, and as there are so many interested both in the object of its production and also in the performers themselves, it is sure to be well patronized.

Numerous very smart dinners were on the tapis this week, a very charming one having been given by Speaker and Madame Brodeur on Friday, the guests including Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, the Earl of Dundonald and Lady Elizabeth Cochrane, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Sir Elzear and Lady Taschereau, Sir William and Lady Mulock, Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, Judge and Mrs. Girouard, Hon. T. C. and Madame Casgrain, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Dandurand, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Flint, Mr. and Mrs. Monk, Miss Douthett, Mr. Geoffrion, Mr. Guise, A.D.C., Captain Bell, A.D.C., Mr. and Mrs. Willard. A very jolly little dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. H. Fleming on Saturday evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick also gave a sessional dinner on that evening. Mrs. Fitzpatrick will be the hostess at a dance on Thursday evening in honor of her third daughter, Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, who was one of the debutantes of the past winter.

There were several more entertainments given lately for the young people who were home for the holidays, Lady Davies being the hostess at a very jolly dance on Friday for her daughter, Miss Mary Davies, and Mrs. Montagu White on Thursday having entertained at the tea hour for her son, Mr. Percy White. Mrs. Brown also chose Thursday to entertain the "semi-readers" at a very pleasant little tea.

The Ladies' Lawn Tennis Club had its first meeting of the season on Saturday morning. Mrs. Montzambert, the president, is at present in Toronto, so Mrs. Clifford Sifton took the chair on the occasion, and the following officers for the coming season were elected: Hon. President, Lady Laurier; President, Mrs. Montzambert; Vice-presidents, Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Sydney Smith, Mrs. Soper and Mrs. Bacon; Treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Woods. Various matters were discussed and arranged and everything seems to point to a very successful season.

Miss Burbidge invited a few friends to tea at Deschenes, her brother's summer quarters, on Friday, Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick being the guest of honor on the occasion.

The different members, senators, etc., who left town for the Easter holidays have returned and several more guests have come to pay Ottawa a visit. Lady Laurier has her sister-in-law, Mrs. Henri Laurier of Arthabaskaville, and also Miss Lavergne of Montreal, staying with her. Senator Kerr is back at the Russell with his daughter, Miss Edith Kerr, and will be joined later in the week by Miss Mabel, who is now in Montreal. Mrs. S. P. Clarke of Winnipeg, whom you will remember as Miss May McCullough, the bride of just a year ago, has come to pay her parents, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough of Theodore street, a visit, and her sister, Miss Claire McCullough, who has been spending the winter in Winnipeg with Mrs. Clarke, has returned home with her.

Invitations have been sent out to the wedding of Miss Agnes Scott, niece of the Hon. R. W. and Mrs. Scott, to Mr. W. P. Davis, which will take place at St. Joseph's Church on Wednesday, April 29th.

Ping-pong seems to have lost none of its popularity, and there were two parties given during the week of this fascinating description, one by Mrs. Sedgwick for her guest, Miss Yeoman of Halifax, and another, on Monday evening, at which Mrs. W. S. Fielding was the hostess.

Mrs. Mills, wife of Hon. Mr. Justice Mills, entertained on Saturday afternoon at a euche party at which there were five tables, the guests being Miss Emmerson of St. John, Miss Robinson of London, the Misses O'Meara of Pembroke, Miss Cargill, Miss Isbester, Miss Lyon, Miss Gwen Clemow and several others.

A very large At Home at which Mrs. J. Israel Tarte was the hostess came off on Saturday evening. It was given for Mrs. Tarte's four young lady friends from Montreal, Miss Demarais, Miss Mount, Miss Jodoin and Miss St. Pierre, and took the popular form of a dance. The decorations were very elaborate and in excellent taste. Mrs. and the Misses Tarte all wore exceedingly handsome Parisian gowns, Mrs. Tarte's being of black lace over white tulle with trimmings of violets, Miss Tarte's of white chiffon over pale blue, and Miss Marie Tarte wore white chiffon embroidered most beautifully in pink and green, over pink silk.

The Morning Music Club held the closing concert of the season on Thursday last, and as it offered the "last" was certainly "not least." It was more than usually interesting, which is saying a great deal, as several members of the Montreal Music Club took part. Miss Heron, who is Mrs. McConnell's guest, was the vocalist of the occasion, Miss Turner the violinist, Mademoiselle Plouffe the pianist, and they were assisted by Mr. Dubois, the well-known cellist. These morning concerts are always so very pleasant that one is always sorry when the season for them comes to an end.

Everybody is charmed to hear that Colonel Percy Sherwood has been appointed to command the Blesley team this year, which expects to leave Canada the end of June, as all consider him to be on this occasion "the right man in the right place." Mrs. Sherwood and her eldest daughter, Miss Ruth, will probably accompany Colonel Sherwood, Mrs. Sherwood returning with her husband, but Miss Ruth expects to remain for some time at a school near London.

April 21st, 1903. THE CHAPERONE.



## CLUB LIFE IN TORONTO.

Something About the Social, Political and Athletic Clubs and Club-Houses.

## 9.—TORONTO HUNT CLUB.

THE history of fox hunting in Toronto goes back at least as far as 1862. In that year there is on record a meet of hounds which took place at the upper end of Bathurst street on the last day of April, every available horse and saddle being "commandeered" for the occasion, and an effort made to draw covers all about the northern parts of Toronto. The pack used at this and other informal meets about this time was a private pack belonging to an Englishman named Steers, who kept half a dozen couples for the amusement of himself and friends. It was not, however, till 1865 that Toronto, then a town of only about forty thousand inhabitants, could boast an organized hunt. Largely owing to the enterprise of Mr. Steers, in that year, a number of Englishmen residing in Toronto got together and organized the nucleus of the Toronto Hunt Club. Among the moving spirits we find such names as Copeland, Worts, Hendrie, Thomas, Smith, Howard, Boswell, Leys, Dundas, Bond, Walker, Nordheimer, Gillespie, and Gooderham, nearly all of whom had come to this country from the Mother Land and who now got together for the purpose of perpetuating in the land of their adoption the sport which they, or their fathers before them, had enjoyed in the land of their birth.

Mr. Copeland was the first president of the Toronto Hunt, while to Mr. John Hendrie fell the honor of carrying the horn for the first three years, with John Halligan as his first whip. A few couples of hounds were purchased and these were reinforced with dogs presented by different enthusiasts, so that by the time the M. F. H. held the opening meet in the autumn of 1865 a very presentable pack had been got together. From that day to this the Toronto Hunt has met twice a week, every spring and autumn, without interruption, and the club has grown almost steadily in numbers and popularity.

In 1866 the advent of the 13th Hussars, who were stationed in Toronto, gave a great impetus to the infant organization. Colonel Jenyns and his officers were all keen horsemen, and threw in their lot with the local members in the most enthusiastic way, making it more certain than ever that the sport of kings had come to Toronto to stay. In 1867 Colonel Jenyns was made Master, and continued in the position for two years, during which the sport flourished, the Saturday meets being varied with point-to-point races, in which the Hussar officers took a keen interest.



President Toronto Hunt.

In the spring of 1869 the regiment was withdrawn, and its hunters were sold at auction, fetching prices from \$240 to as high as \$505, showing that even in those days a good hunter brought a good price.

After Colonel Jenyns' departure Mr. John Hendrie again carried the horn as Master; and in 1870, under his regime, a memorable excursion of the Toronto Hunt took place to Hamilton by the Great Western Railway, the visitors being entertained on the old Brant Farm by Mr. William Hendrie, and a great run indulged in with the hounds. For years afterwards the incidents and humors of this famous trip furnished never-failing topics of interest in hunting circles.

For the ensuing ten years the Hunt Club continued to flourish under the mastership of Messrs. George Gooderham, Worts and Copeland, successively. The meets were always well attended, there being seldom fewer than forty to fifty present, all well mounted, including as a rule a half-dozen ladies. From time to time the kennels, still under the management of John Halligan, with Jim Blong as kennelman, were replenished with fresh drafts of hounds from England and elsewhere, and gradually the Toronto Hunt worked into prominence as a sporting organization. Frequent hunt meetings tended to increase the interest in steeplechasing and cross-country riding, and many keen and exciting contests were witnessed on impromptu courses in the environs of Toronto. Besides those whose names have been already mentioned, such enthusiastic riders as Mr. Shelden, Mr. Grand, Mr. Godson, Mr. Morton, Mr. Ryan, Mr. McMullen, Mr. Ray, and Mr. Aemilius Irving (who came down from Hamilton for every meet) were always on hand to help the sport, whether in the hunting field or in a cross-country ride.

In 1883 Dr. Andrew Smith, one of the original members, was elected M. F. H. He retained the position until the reorganization of the club under the present Master, Mr. Beardmore, in 1893, and never did any officer give more unsparingly of his time and means to the promotion of the sport than Dr. Smith.

Up to the time that the club was reorganized on its present basis, there was no club house, the kennels were at the top of Clinton street, and the arrangements generally were such as the club, by its steady progress, had quite outgrown. In 1893 Messrs. George Beardmore, D'Alton McCarthy, Edmund Bristol, C. W. Clinch, R. O. McCullough, and other well-known riding men got together and determined to reorganize the Hunt and to form a joint stock company in order that suitable property might be acquired for clubhouse, kennels, etc. Stock was rapidly taken up, and property at Scarborough was purchased of Mr. George Gooderham, which was transformed into its present state and has since been the headquarters of the club.

The following spring (1894) the club went into a new and, as the event proved, a most popular venture, in holding its first horse show. The various breeders' associations had hitherto held exhibitions from time to time, but it was due entirely to the initiative of the Toronto Hunt that the horse show on modern lines, as exemplified in New York and other large cities, was introduced into Canada. The show is held under the joint auspices of the Hunt Club and the Breeders' Association, with the military men taking part every alternate year. The Horse Show has from its first year been a great and growing success; it has added much to the social gaiety of Toronto as well as proving of substantial advantage to Canadian horsemen.

Another popular enterprise of the Toronto Hunt was in connection with the autumn race meeting, which the Hunt Club inaugurated in 1894 and continued to hold up to last year. This autumn meeting has now been taken over by the Ontario Jockey Club with every promise of its continued success.

The officers of the Toronto Hunt at the present time are: President—The Right Hon. the Earl of Minto. Master of the Fox Hounds—George W. Beardmore, Esq. Directors—Messrs. Walter Barwick, K.C., George W. Beardmore, Hume Blake, Edmund Bristol, J. O. Buchanan, C. W. Clinch, Major Forester, George Gooderham, Stewart Houston, Angus Kirkland, Colonel Lessard, C.B. W. F. Maclean, M.P., D. L. McCarthy, Albert Nordheimer, J. Kerr Osborne, Colonel Otter, G. A. Peters, M.D., Andrew Smith, F.R.C.V.S.

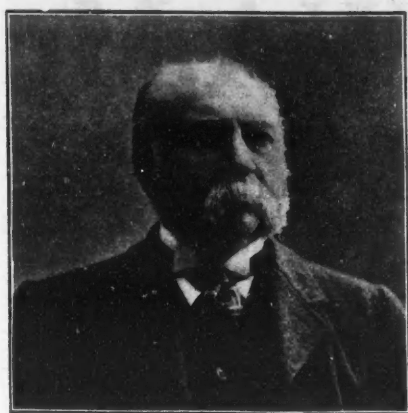
## The Old Silk Hat.

IT was after supper and I was reclining in my easy chair with my slippers put on and a low stool and a newspaper carelessly thrown by my side. Surrounded by a thin mist of blue smoke, I was in that dreamy borderland which lies between sleep and waking. While thus, my gaze fell upon the polished surface of the old silk hat which held the place of honor above the mantelpiece—one of those ancient, high-crowned, narrow-brimmed affairs such as were worn many years ago.

"Old hat," said I, "tell me something of your history, for I am sure that it must be interesting."

"Well," said the hat "if you desire to hear the history of an old fellow like me, I will try to tell you at least a part of it. I first came into your family through the agency of your great-grandfather, who was a young doctor of this town (which was then a village). After a few years' hard work, his practice being good, your great-grandfather decided to take a holiday in the city. While there he noticed that it was the custom of professional men to wear silk hats, and accordingly I was purchased."

"The next Sunday, when the doctor had returned, he wore his new hat to church. Being the first of my kind seen in the village, the admiration was naturally great, and the craning



Dr. Andrew Smith, former Master of the Hounds.



Mr. George W. Beardmore, Master of the Hounds.

of rustic necks was remarkable. The doctor that day came very near having to replace many a jawbone in its socket.

"In the church that Sunday was a very pretty young lady with whom the doctor was slightly acquainted, but to whom he was very strongly attracted. She lived some distance from the church, and had come that day on horseback. After service, as the doctor was returning, he noticed the young lady slowly riding before him, evidently deep in thought. On the side of the road lay a large piece of paper. Suddenly by a gust of wind the paper was blown directly before the horse, which, taking a quick jump, threw his fair rider. The doctor ran quickly to the place where she lay, and saw that her forehead had been gashed and she stunned by the shock. He at once perceived that the necessary thing was water, but how to fetch it was a puzzle. Grabbing his new silk, he hurried to a neighboring brook, filled the hat with water, speedily returned, and with its assistance soon brought the girl to consciousness."

"This adventure detracted somewhat from my former beauty, but, as I was of good stuff, I was not much injured, and after a thorough cleaning and brushing was in good condition for the wedding. But this was not my only adventure. I have been in some way or other a benefactor to every generation of your family, and I hope some day to benefit you also."

Just as the hat said this it fell from above, hit the mantel and bounced against my face. I awoke and found the room full of smoke, for, as I soon saw, the paper and the carpet near my chair were burning. I quickly extinguished the fire, but had I not awakened when I did, it would have spread and occasioned great loss. Thus the old and honored hat was again of great service.

The cause of the fire is easily explained. When I had gone to sleep the lighted cigar fell from my fingers and ignited the paper and carpet. It was a windy night, and the hat hung loosely on its peg; for when the house was shaken by an extra strong gust of wind the hat was easily knocked down, and falling against my face, it woke me.

The part, however, that baffles all explanation is the coincidence of the dream and the falling of the hat. The dream itself was strange, for, as my father afterwards told me, the story related by the hat was true, and for a long time I racked my brain to find a satisfactory explanation. One day, however, as I was thinking of it, I suddenly remembered that when a boy I had asked my father for a story and he had told me about my great-grandfather's old silk hat.

O. L. B.

## Sarah Bernhardt on The Moral Influence of the Theater.

THE editor of the "Cornhill" is to be congratulated upon having achieved well nigh the impossible in inducing Sarah Bernhardt to write him an article. Whatever may be the opinions as to the merit of the article itself, all will be agreed upon the cleverness of the editor in securing it. But to quote the divine Sarah:

"I have often heard people deny the moral influence of the theater, but I find it undeniable. This influence has existed from all time, and never in my opinion has it been anything but beneficial. Beneficial it must always be to see the evolution of the human soul, and the more intelligently this evolution of the human soul is shown, the more effectual is the lesson drawn by those privileged to witness it."

"We all know that a single illustration is worth more than a hundred axioms, and if only from this point of view the theater is a potent school of morality; and the awakening of sympathy by seeing the drama of the lives of others prevents the stultification arising from a self-centered life."

"The theater is the temple of all the arts which beautify life, and it is in this that its power lies. For whereas a library, a picture gallery, or a concert hall, each enthroning its respective art, has each its particular admirers, the theater by the service of literature, the fine arts, and music, has a stronger claim upon human sympathy, and thus obtains a wider hearing."

"To me the theater seems like a kaleidoscope whose moving facets show an attentive public the baseness, the crimes, the vices, the weaknesses of humanity, the faults of civilization, and the absurdities of society. And it is this same movement, which, whilst showing the evil, shows the cause of the evil, that is such a fascinating feature of the theater. Thus the spectator, being brought face to face with his conscience, profits by the lesson given, and such spectators can be numbered by thousands."

Sarah Bernhardt quotes Victor Hugo's remark on the theater: "Never should the people leave the theater without taking away with them some profound moral lesson." There are few who will quarrel with this saying, and Madame Bernhardt cordially endorses it.

"The theater is a necessity—it has existed from all time under different aspects. As all souls feel the need of praying to God or to a god, so all minds need an expression of their dreams, legends, and past history. We have to go very far back to find in antiquity the first vestiges of the theater, for even amid savage folk we see the need of expression."

"Do not, however, think that I mean that the teaching of the theater is superior to the teaching of classes and books; no—I simply mean that the dramatic art is the supplement of history and philosophy, and it is a powerful aid to the development of the love of the good and the beautiful to which his-

tory and philosophy introduce us.

"The theater has been instructive from all time, and it is ever the scene of progress, revolutionary, artistic and poetic. The theater is the most direct and simple medium of fresh ideas on philosophy, morality, religion and society."

"Then is it not to dramatic art that we owe the revelation to the public of characters who would otherwise have remained hidden in the dusty archives of history?"

"Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas pere have all resuscitated heroes whose past existence would only have been made known to us by a few hasty lines."

To find Madame Bernhardt enthusiastic on this subject is not surprising for she herself says that "the theater is the love of my life, for I find the theater the meeting-place of all the arts. As a complete human being represents the faculties of all the senses, so a good theater represents the service of all the arts."

Should we have religious plays? Decidedly, yes! At least that is the opinion of the writer. She says on this subject:

"There are people, moreover, who maintain that religious things should not be put upon the stage. Oh! what a mistake! And how fortunate it is that great minds have not been arrested by the false ideas of the narrow-minded! Nothing is more propagative than the theater. It is the reflection of the ideas of a nation. It marches incessantly to the conquest of the true and the beautiful. Sometimes it goes too quickly. It has hoped too much from the minds and hearts of the public. The time has not arrived, and then retrogression is necessary, and it was thus with the religious question in the theater scarcely twenty years ago."

Speaking of the effect of the production of Rostand's "La Samaritaine," she writes:

"The day of its first representation was a day of emotion never to be forgotten. Christian love filled the hall with infinitely pure joy, beneficent tears flowed. I felt myself transported into another world, for I uttered beautiful words, and my heart beat with those of others. I wept tears, real tears, tears that wash away and efface for ever the stains on our souls and our lives—too long, alas! for the evil we have done, and too short for the good we would wish to do. Of course, such a piece could not be represented on the stage without being met with objections. But I remained true to the idea of the moral influence of the stage, and what could be more moral than the lesson seen in the story of the Samaritan and our Lord?"

## The Old Log Cabin.

Forget not the days when our fathers were ringing  
Their chorus of axes, through woods rich and rare;  
Remember the cabins where mothers were singing,  
With hope in their hearts, and their hands full of care.

The dearest of homes was the cot in the wildwood;

Not a palace or castle in England or France

Could ever compare with the shanty of childhood—

Now its shadow recedes like an exquisite trance.

Like incense, the voices of glad sons and daughters

Arose with the smoke, from the clearing to Him,

Whose Garden of Maples, beside the sweet waters,

He gave us, and blessed our rich cup to the brim.

The noble old stock in their graves now lie thicker,

And children forget where their grandfathers lie;

The forest and cabins fade farther and quicker—

Oh, let not their virtues in us ever die.

At "bees," or at "corners," they met their good neighbors;

They talked of old lands with a trembling voice;

But they gallantly shared with their oxen the labors,

Of heaving out homes in this land of their choice.

A shot from the door brought a buck to the table,

A spear thrust in water got "lunge" for the fire,

Wild pigeons in millions overhead were no fable,

And Nimrods found here all their hearts could desire.

O, memory, where are thy johnny-cakes' riches?

Give back the molasses our maples distilled;

With pancakes of buckwheat, and such divine dishes,

That kings to obtain them log houses would build.

What tongue has the power to tell of their sorrows?

What pen has recorded the lives gone before?

Their bitter to-days and the mocking to-morrows?

And joys in that sacred log cottage of yore?

Young Canada sports his white cuffs and high collars,

But grandmother spun all his father had worn;

Young fellow, remember, when counting your dollars,

That in dear old log cabins our nation was born.

—William H. Taylor in Port Perry "Observer."

## Poor Venus.

If Venus de Milo had stood up straight her waist would have been at least two inches smaller. A waist several inches smaller than hers is just as much in favor.—Mrs. Ida Evans Haines.

TORONTO HUNT CLUB AND HOUNDS READY TO FOLLOW THE BRUSH.  
Photograph by Frederick Lyonde.

## A New International Language.

CONSIDERABLE interest is being manifested in "Esperanto," a language intended for "universal" currency and invented by a Russian, Dr. L. Zamenhof, in 1887. It fills the place previously occupied by "Volapuk," which was devised by J. M. Schleyer in 1879, but never attained to any great degree of popularity. "Esperanto" has already some eighty thousand adherents, including members of the French Institute and professors in several of the Continental universities. It has also won the endorsement of Count Tolstoi and of the late Max Muller. Its object, as M. Louis Baron explains in "Le Monde Moderne," is "to furnish to people who need to communicate with foreigners—travelers, scientists, business men—the way to a mutual understanding without the necessity of resorting to the study of many foreign languages or to translations; in fact, to realize the harmony of expression which is said to have existed previously to the time when men conceived the foolish idea of erecting a tower of Babel."

The new "universal language" is based upon all existing languages. Latin, however, is the predominating element, and this fact doubtless accounts for the greater popularity which "Esperanto" enjoys in France, Spain, and Italy, as compared with its vogue in Germany, England, and Scandinavia. Says M. Baron: "This is the weak point of the new language. . . . The question is bound to be asked why one should take so much trouble to manufacture an idiom which is only a counterfeit of Latin, when Latin is already being used the world over by savants who wish to communicate with one another or to formulate new scientific terms."

A writer under the nom-de-plume of "Freidenker" discusses this whole subject interestingly in the pages of the New York "Times Saturday Review." He says, in part:

"Volapuk dropped into disuse because it had too much grammar and the vocabulary was constructed on an impractical principle. Beginning with Dr. Zamenhof, a number of erstwhile Volapukists have constructed international languages, basing their vocabulary on the enormous number of words which resemble each other in the principal modern languages, and giving a strong preference to the Latin side. By far the best of these is the Idiom Neutral, mainly due to Voldemar Rosenberger of St. Petersburg. In this all the good features of Volapuk and Esperanto are preserved, and the objectionable features of both are eliminated. The bad points of Zamenhof's language are that it requires certain special characters for printing, has an accusative case, and the verb is not simple enough. The following is a sample sentence in English and the three artificial languages:

"English—Scientific books published in this language can be read by everybody in the original."

"Volapuk—Buka volavik pepulob in puk at kanoms pakapalon fa alim in rigid."

"Esperanto—Libroj scienca publikata en tiu ci lingvo povas esti legata de cie en origino."

"Idiom Neutral—Libri sciencif publikat in ist idiom potes esar lektet per omnihom in original."

"It will be observed that the Volapuk is unintelligible to a person of any nationality who has not studied it. The roots of the words are taken from English and Latin, but the system of forming them is so artificial that they are unrecognizable. Esperanto and Idiom Neutral can be easily understood by a Frenchman, Italian or Spaniard without study, and present no great difficulty to an Englishman or German. The last version is manifestly the easiest."

## A Catalogue of Misfortunes.

"T began," growled the morose manager of the traveling museum, "at Columbus. A streak of bad luck hit us there and has been following us ever since, in spite of all we can do to shake off the hoodoo. At Columbus the fat lady fell in love with the tattooed man and refused to eat, and now she has wasted away until we have to bill her as the living skeleton's twin sister. The tattooed man got absent-minded and walked out in the rain, so that the pictures on him all got wet, and the scene from the Coliseum at Rome blended into a maze of colors that we have hard work convincing the audience is a moonlight storm at sea. Next stand—I think it was Dayton—the human ostrich got the society fad and went to one or two receptions just because he was invited out of curiosity, you might say. Ate a lot of lemon-ice and mayonnaise, or whatever they feed 'em at them five o'clock teas, and twisted his stomach up so bad he can't swallow anything but wireless springs—and you can't work any Marconi racket on the up-to-date audience. Came along a stand or two further, and I believe it was in Wheeling where the two-headed girl got to talking back to herself, and I had to fire her for breaking the rule against quarreling among the freaks. This left the show pretty much crippled, but we opened in Cumberland to good houses, and got along all right until the Circassian princess loaned her wig to the lady Albino, who wanted to go to a masked ball. Had to fire 'em both, and—"

Here a boy rushed into the box-office and tugged at his sleeve.

"What is it?" asked the manager.

"The human pin-cushion just telephoned that he wouldn't be able to do his turn to-night."

"What's wrong with him now?"

"Says he stepped on a tack and can't put his foot on the floor."

## That Marvelous Metal.

Marvelous results are expected from experiments now being made with radium, the new metallic substance which is so rare and precious that it was rated at first at \$1,000,000 per pound, but has since been reduced to \$900,000. It is said that there are only two pounds of radium now in existence, and only one grain of it, sixty dollars' worth, so far, has come into the possession of America. The metal is the discovery of Madame Sklodowska Curie, a Polish woman who is associated with her husband in scientific work in Paris. Radium is a white crystalline powder, a combination of several metals, with an illuminating power that casts the famous Roentgen rays literally in the shade. Its rays, it is said, can pierce three feet of iron, take photographs in closed trunks, and burn through metallic cases. So far as is now known, radium retains its full strength perpetually. Its rays travel almost as fast as sunlight. Professor Curie, the husband of the discoverer, from carrying a small metallic case, containing a small bit of the metal, under his arm, sustained a burn which was fifty days in healing. Radium is expected to be of wonderful help in surgery and in medical practice generally, and experiments are now in progress to determine its practical usefulness in this direction.—"Leslie's Weekly."

## Woman in Australian Politics.

"Every adult woman in Victoria will be entitled and invited to give a vote in the choosing of the second Commonwealth Parliament," says the Melbourne "Argus," in the course of a pessimistic editorial. "Nature has turned woman's curiosity and sympathy in non-political directions. They will vote—the matrons to please their male relatives; the maids because also it is 'fun.' But they will not study politics."

## The Next President in France.

Speaking of President Loubet, a writer in the "Fortnightly Review" thus broaches the subject of his successor: "When his time expires in 1906 will Waldeck-Rousseau, an unsuccessful candidate in 1895, be the fortunate man, or will an outsider again carry off the prize? The Republic has yet to stand the ordeal of a contested Presidential election. Hitherto it has had the good fortune of having sudden vacancies which have left no time for electioneering, for MacMahon, Grevy and Casimir-Perier resigned. Carnot was assassinated six months before the expiration of his term, and Faure died in office."

The Mistress—Jane, it's disgraceful the dust on this piano. Jane—Well, mum, don't blame me—blame the last girl. I've only been here a month, remember.

"She's a lone widow, isn't she?" "Not half as much alone as she was when her husband was alive."

Spinster Aunt—I am surprised that you read the books that you do, Kate. You should try and retain that maiden innocence, which is like the delicate bloom on the plum or the peach, and is as easily wiped off. Kate—What's the good, aunt? It only makes the fruit more tempting.





## Easy to Keep Well

If you take proper care of your stomach and take regularly every morning half a glass of

**Hunyadi Janos**

## It will surely drive out CONSTIPATION

and all the other unpleasantnesses that come from a sluggish liver. It will bring you health and keep you well.

Most enlightened and eminent physicians in every part of the globe recommend it.

### Anecdotal.

Terence V. Powderly, formerly Commissioner-General of Immigration, met Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania just outside the White House the other morning. "How's your gout getting along?" Powderly asked Mr. Penrose. "I'm troubled with an old injury to my knee, but I suppose you might as well call it gout as anything," he replied. "Up my way," remarked Senator Penrose, "they call it 'whiskey on the hoof'."

"Uncle Joe" Cannon sometimes gets mixed in his metaphor when addressing the United States House of Representatives. While arguing against a bill in favor of a railroad, he once began in preacher-like tones as follows: "The railroads have been before the Senate on their knees praying and praying and praying," then, suddenly changing his tone, he concluded: "and, gentlemen, it is time to call their hand."

When a shot was fired in the wings of the Tivoli Opera House during the third act of "Carmen" on Zelle de Lussan's opening night, a disappointed spectator who considered Tennyson's Don Jose about "the limit" remarked, with a sigh of relief, "Thank God." Those about him, who shared his feelings, snickered sympathetically. But their smiles were turned to peals of laughter when Don Jose presently bobbed up serenely, and the talkative wag exclaimed tragically, "Ye gods, her aim was bad! She missed him!"

An Englishman used to meet the great philosopher, Arthur Schopenhauer, every morning walking with his ugly poodle along the promenade in Frankfurt-on-the-Main. Schopenhauer's eccentric appearance, deeply immersed in thought, excited the Englishman's curiosity to such an extent that one day he could contain himself no longer, and walking up to the philosopher, addressed him abruptly thus: "Tell me, sir, who, in the name of fate, are you?" "Ah!" Schopenhauer replied, "I only wish I knew that myself."

Nat Goodwin was examining a canvas at an art exhibit in Boston the other day, when the painter of the picture approached him and said: "You seem to like that picture?" "Like it?" answered Goodwin. "A man who would perpetrate a thing like that ought to get six months." This was too much for the artist. "Why, what do you know about painting?" he exclaimed. "You're only an actor. How can you know a bad picture? You never painted one." "No," drawled Goodwin, "that's true enough. But I know a bad egg when I run across it, and, would you believe it, I never laid one either."

When Dr. Sewell, for many years warden of New College, Oxford, was seriously ill, about a year ago, the fellows of the college, and, indeed, all his friends, despaired of his life. The senior fellow at the time, wishing to have all things in order, wrote to the Home Secretary for leave to bury the warden in the college chapel. Before the next college meeting the warden had recovered. He presided at the meeting, and with no little enjoyment read out the Home Office's letter permitting his own burial. "It gives me great pleasure," said he, "to congratulate the senior fellow on his admirable promptitude and energy. I cannot, however, truthfully say that I regret that both were wasted."

The late Dr. Joseph Parker, the great non-conformist preacher, would accept nothing but third-class fares when he visited poor parishes, but woe to the church that had a reputation for meanness in money matters! He visited one such where, after service, the deacon said, "Well, Dr. Parker, as to your fee?" "It is fifty pounds," the deacon demurred; Dr. Parker insisted. Finally the fifty pounds was paid. Then Dr. Parker said: "Now this is not for myself. Some time ago you had So-and-So—mentioning a somewhat obscure minister—to preach here. You know that his church is a struggling one and that he is a poor man with a large family. You refused to pay

him more than his bare railway fares. To redeem this infamy on your part, I have charged you fifty pounds, and I shall send it on to him as his fee for the sermons he preached here."

The Rev. Washington Gladden, after a lecture at Harvard, discussed with a number of students the Christian religion. The students, as is sometimes the way with young men, manifested a lack of faith. They were not ashamed of this lack, either. They seemed, on the contrary, to be proud of it. "I," said a lad of eighteen years, a freshman, "I am an agnostic." He spoke pompously, his hands in his pockets. He regarded narrowly the effect on Mr. Gladden of his bold words. "You are an agnostic?" said the clergyman. "I am an agnostic." "What is an agnostic?" Mr. Gladden asked. "What I mean, just what meaning you attribute to that word?" The lad swaggered about the room. He still kept his hands in his pockets. "An agnostic," he said, frowning, "why, an agnostic is—ah—a fellow—a fellow who isn't sure of anything." "How does it happen, then," asked the clergyman, "that you're sure you're an agnostic?"

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle told at the literary dinner recently given to him in London of his experience as a juror in his youth. "I once served on a jury out of curiosity," he said, "and what most impressed me in that business was the high-handed manner of the cross-examinations. There was one witness, though, a dentist, whom no browbeating cross-examiner could disturb. This dentist was being questioned about a certain woman. 'Did you ever have any difference with the lady?' the opposing lawyer asked. 'No, sir,' replied the dentist. 'Now, attend. Didn't you make her a set of teeth once?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Didn't she return them?' 'No, sir.' The lawyer glared. Then he resumed: 'But you admit, don't you, that later on she had another set made by another dentist?' 'Oh, yes, I admit that,' said the witness. 'Ah! You admit that. And the lady is wearing that other set now, is she not?' 'Yes, she is wearing it.' 'And she has discarded your set?' 'No.' 'What? Do you mean to tell me she is wearing both sets at the same time?' 'Yes, I do.' 'Pooh! Nonsense! How can that possibly be?' 'Why, one is a lower and the other is an upper set,' said the dentist."

It is related that one morning Guy de Maupassant lay in bed reading a comic paper in his modest atelier in the Latin Quarter. After a little time, De Maupassant, to his horror, heard familiar and ponderous footsteps at the bottom of the wooden stairs—he was four flights up. It was a severe creditor, who had threatened him with all sorts of punishments if he did not settle his debt. In an instant, De Maupassant was out of bed and seized a sheet of paper, on which he wrote: "M. de Maupassant, having died on the sixteenth, all having claimants against him must apply to M. M. Blanc," at some false address. He expected money that day and intended to put matters straight in the afternoon. He stuck his notice outside the door, locked himself in again, and was back between the blankets. Fortunately the old gentleman ascended slowly, like a hippopotamus. When he reached the landing, there was sound of muttering. Then down he went again. De Maupassant breathed freely. In a little while up tripped Marie, a pretty maid, who was in the habit of flirting with the writer. After a few words, she departed. Soon De Maupassant recognized her steps again, and presently there was another rap on the door. When he opened it, there stood his old creditor, panting like a steam engine. He had come up in his stocking feet. The old man had kept his eyes open.

### Given Up to Die.

Mrs. John F. Sillars had Dyspepsia for Seven Years—Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Cured Her.

Spring fever is a name often given to a stagnant stomach. When you have walked too much your legs ache and you know it is time to rest them. When your arms ache you know it is time to rest them. Use your stomach in the same way. When it is tired rest it. The stomach supplies the body with heat. Its work is doubled during the cold weather. With the coming of spring it is tired and worn. It needs to be rested and toned up. It needs Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They rest the stomach by doing its work. They digest the food themselves. They thus bring the stomach to its normal state of activity and health, and that means renewed energy in all parts of the body.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are a natural remedy and sure reliever of all stomach ailments. Those who have used them are enthusiastic in their praises. Take Mrs. John F. Sillars of Western Bay, Newfoundland, for example. She writes: "I have been cured of Dyspepsia by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. For seven years I suffered. I could not eat without suffering intense agony, but had given up to die before using them. I tried doctors, but they gave me no permanent relief. Then I started to use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. From the first they gave me relief, and after the use of five boxes I was well and strong."

### The Roses of Eden.

When God first made the rose to bloom He made it white; Its perfume scented all the air From sheer delight.

A full-blown rose awoke one night And raised its head To hear what Adam said to Eve— And it blushed red.

Ere the sun shone the blood-red rose, With naughty wink, Had told the tale to a timid bud, And it blushed pink.

—The Allegorist.

Two old women, "Mother" Baker Eddy and Mark Twain, slung-whanging each other in the papers, do not present an edifying spectacle.—"Town Topics."

London women have decided to revive the bonnet. Picture hats, toques and flares look well on pretty women, but in a bonnet a pretty woman looks her prettiest.—"Town Topics."

"What ales the porter?" "His young daughter wines all the time, and he is going home to liquor."—Princeton "Tiger."

## Lady Gay's Column

The King's Birds. A Heart Song. A New Story Book.

FOR four hundred years there has been a monopoly in England that equates an American. It is the right to own swans on the River Thames. These queer old privileges don't stand much chance of being granted in this country, since the days of the old English companies which broke the first ground here. King Edward and the Vintners' and the Dyers' Guilds of London own all the swans on the Thames for over a hundred miles. On the bills of the King's swans is his initial; the Dyers' swans have one nick and the Vintners' two. If you put a swan into residence on sweet Thames, the swan warden will come along in August on his annual tour up the stream, to mark all the unmarked birds, and your swan will have an "E" on his or her bill, and will belong to King Edward before you can flap a wing! The King has such a monopoly in swanedom that although you may catch a lordly bird on your lake or unmarked stream, you may not keep them on any navigable river in the whole United Kingdom. Isn't it quaint? The Queen, naturally, being a Norsewoman, loves the swans. Her winter ice-chair or sledge has a swan figurehead, and she had some noble birds for special pets at Sandringham, which have since been located on the lake at Frogmore, where the Prince and Princess of Wales live in summer.

Someone has sent me the most charming golden ringlet with the following lines. I quote them for the scores of mothers who have wept over the boy's first hair-cut:

"I sat and watched the barber's shears Go snipping through my baby's curls, And while I looked, swift sped the years As when a passing zephyr whirled The pink-leaved apple-blossom away, Leaving exposed the budding fruit, So tiny, yet a promise mute Of harvest ripe some autumn day."

"So as the clustering ringlets fall, My baby blossom droops and dies! A sleek-haired laddie, grave and tall, Kisses the tears from mother's eyes."

It's always mother who cries, always daddy who scolds until the stars are evoked to make a man of curly-locks! In such a hurry to grow up! And mother so praying for longer hours and days that she may hold back her wee thing from being a man!

You who remember how you enjoyed "The Blazed Trail" will be ready for a new story by the same author, which came into my hand to-day. It is a tale of a Hudson Bay Company post and its occupants in that remote district into which we are now running railroads and excursion boats, or soon will be. The Hudson Bay Company's factor and his daughter and the "free trader" who gets himself into such a particularly tight box with them, are three interesting persons, and the story, though not of the weight, length or strength of "The Blazed Trail," is still one of those fascinating glimpses into the life primeval which come like the scent of pine woods and the song of the voyageur to the senses of city dwellers. "Congrue's House" is the name of the Hudson Bay post, and also of the story, and Stewart Edward White has made it a good one while it lasts, with a deeply tragic flavor always evident; the horror of the punishment meted by the Hudson Bay Company to daring free traders who interfered with their business in the far North Land. The Copp, Clark Company are the publishers.

A man writing in the "Arena" this month makes a plea for simple living. The other day a man told me he was going to move from his quaint, comfortable and artistic little home and occupy a great, handsome house just built. "But why?" I demanded. "Aren't you comfortable where you are?" "Well, to tell you the truth, I am, but it's expected of me now to live in better style, and so I must just do it," he said finally. And so he will have bran-new rooms and large, bright windows, and a spick and span front door place, and a couple more servants, and his dinner at seven o'clock instead of at two, and we shall know the quaint, cosy, sacred home-place no more, for it is so rarely that one can fancy a varnished home-place. Don't say one should be able to have the home feeling anywhere. I cannot ever have the same cosiness and luxury in my mind in an electric-light room as I have felt when the student lamp, with its wide shade, did the illuminating. A plate glass door with a grille always takes the edge off its opening; it cannot swing back of a dark night like an oaken door and send a sudden stream of ruddy light from a red log-fire. The radiator destroys the soul of warmth; the gas grate is the spectre of cosiness. The man in the "Arena" is rather extreme; he says nasty things about the clothes and the manners of people, it seems as if simplicity was the one thing they avoided. Was ever plush arm-chair so satisfying as quaint, solid country settee, with a burly cushion of goose-down? Did any gown ever look so well as plain, simple white? But we see the great masses of the people spending their dollars on tags and tabs and revers and applications and rugs and jags of velvet and lace and odds and ends of fabrics, without dignity or artistic lines, thrown together by adulated fashion-makers without sense or meaning, every day. And as for manner, how long since one has met the sweet, gentle, modest directness which characterizes the truly well-born, amid all the slang and nervousness and carelessness and vulgarity and aggressiveness of the mass of people one meets in the day's round. Mr. Man in the "Arena" says: "We have not yet begun to understand how very little we really require, how easily our actual necessities incident to a happy life may be

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## The "Dorothy Dodd" "Arch-Supporting" Feature

The "Dorothy Dodd" prize contest, which closed some time ago, drew from thousands of women testimonials regarding the high character of "Dorothy Dodd" footwear. A verbatim extract from one of the contributions reads as follows: "I think the 'Dorothy Dodd' 'arch-supporting feature' is the greatest invention ever made in footwear." This is a fair indication of the high esteem in which the famous "arch-supporting feature" is held. The price for "Dorothy Dodd" Oxfords is \$3.00; Boots, \$3.75; a few special styles of Boots \$4.00 pair.

## About Our Newly Organized China Department

Our Basement China Section stands now a department completely rejuvenated and ready to supply your needs in the choicest table-ware, as well as offering a broad and very attractive selection of individual pieces for drawing-room decoration. The high character of our offerings will be apparent even to the unpracticed eye, and perhaps it is not amiss to say that prices are considerably lower than you've been in the habit of paying for goods of equal quality. We show several tempting lots of Dinner Services, regular \$12.00 and \$15.00 lines, for \$9.95 the set, including "Woodson's" English porcelain, W. H. Grindley & Sons' semi-porcelain, and the "Old Hall" brand. An offering of such merit will no doubt urge you to look into our china department for further money-saving opportunities.

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supplied." And yet I saw a man to-day buying a string of pearls which cost him several hundreds of dollars, because, he assured me, his wife couldn't be happy or cease worrying him till she got them! LADY GAY.

### High Art.



Scene—A gallery in the East End. "Well, that 'ere title knocks me, Joe! What does that little bit want to be taken' a bath of physic for? Gal looks 'eathly enough!"—"Punch."

### Literary Progress in England.

An association of young ladies for the study of Tennyson's works has been recently formed in a rural district, under the presidency of the local curate, who,

having in a communication with a newly-enlisted member advised the young lady to bring her "Longfellow" with her to the meetings, was astonished and dismayed to receive a reply from the lady's mother to the effect that she could not allow her daughter to join a society of which "fellows" either long or short, were allowed to be members, and that she was surprised that a clergyman should countenance "such goings-on."—English exchange.

### His Complaint.

I am a baby, eleven months old, and nearly worn out already. Please let me alone!

I am not a prodigy, except to the extent that, not having anything to say, I don't talk. Two big persons claim to be my parents—why can't they let it go at that? I have never denied the charge. I haven't much data to go by, but I don't think I am either a magician, a learned priest, or a virtuoso. I don't hanker for applause; so, it will be an appreciated favor if you won't put me through any parlor tricks.

If I have my wealthy old Uncle Ezra's nose, congratulate Uncle Ezra, but don't blame me. I may be a kleptomaniac, for all I know, but I can't help it. Don't rattle rattles at me—they rattle me. Don't goo-goo and ootie-kootie at me. I can't understand it any better than the English language.

The pain I have is not in my stomach, but in my neck. I don't want to be entertained or mystified or mortified or applauded. And if you don't want me to grow up to be a hypochondriac, a sump-collector, an awful example, a ping-pong enthusiast, a misanthrope, you just lemme be!—"Smart Set."

### English Pertinacity.

The scene was a compartment on the Paris express coming from Nice, and the time one afternoon last week. Sitting by the window, and opposite each other, were an Englishman and a Frenchman. Soon the Englishman arose and let down the window. A moment later the Frenchman rose, and with a "Pardon, Monsieur," he said, with a bow, and let the glass fall a second time. He had no sooner taken his seat than the Frenchman again stood up. "Pardon, Monsieur," he repeated, and again closed the window. The Englishman stood up, and took down a heavy travelling bag from the rack overhead. Then he drew his purse from his pocket. Raising his bag, he hurled it against the upper part of the door, knocking the window out. The Frenchman expostulated, but the Englishman shook his purse. "Pardon, Monsieur," he said; "je paye la prochaine gare." ("I pay at the next station"), and calmly took his seat.

### Very Fine Indeed.

An Irishman, who was to return to his native land by a certain steamer, arrived on the pier just as she was starting—in fact, she was already on the move. Taking a flying leap he covered the intervening space of six or eight feet at a bound, but tripped on alighting, and hit

his head, temporarily stunning himself. When he came to, the vessel was a couple of hundred yards out at sea. "Be jabers!" he exclaimed, not realising what had happened, "what a mighty foine jump!"—Ex.

### An Awkward Distinction.

Mr. Hanks—I wish you'd come and dine with us to-morrow, Jimson. There'll only be four of us—two very nice fellows—and yourself.—"Pick-Me-Up."

Waggish Bouncer.—I've just spent a week at Lord and Lady Blank's place. His Friend.—You have? Which of them invited you? "Neither. Fact is, I knew that Lord and Lady B. were not on speaking terms just now, so I went and stayed. Each thinks the other invited me."



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## The Other side of Municipal Ownership

WRITING in "Harper's Weekly," Sydney Brooks draws a startling picture of the ex-cesses to which municipal ism is running in England. "England, without realizing it, is settling rapidly down on a Collectivist basis," said an English member of Parliament to Mr. Lee. "The municipalities are the socialism of the future in embryo, and the men who compose them, whether they know it or not, are playing the game of the Socialists to perfection. Of course socialism has lost a good many of its terrors. We are all Socialists now," as Harcourt said. But there is one thing that has not lost its terrors, and that is bankruptcy. If municipal speculation goes on at its present rate, it is my opinion we must either end in a sort of local bankruptcy or else in such a widespread atrophy of private initiative as will work our commercial ruin."

I do not think, observes Mr. Lee, it would be too much to say that the intelligent public spirit of this country is preparing for a revolt from the extreme of the "new municipalism." Ratepayers' defence clubs, property-owners' associations, citizens' unions, industrial protective societies, and so on, are multiplying all over the kingdom and endeavoring to arouse the average respectable citizen, whose apathy is at the root of the mischief, into some active sense of the dangers that lie inevitably ahead. An invaluable series of articles contributed to the "Times" during the summer and fall of last year has given an immense impetus to the movement. It is not an impossible undertaking, but it is an exceedingly arduous one—how much so may be gathered from studying the example of Glasgow. Glasgow prides itself on being the model municipality of Great Britain. It is, at any rate, the most active. The corporation—that is to say, the City Council—supply the people of Glasgow with water, gas, electric light, cable and electric cars and telephones; they control eleven public parks and galleries, thirteen baths and swimming-baths, a fruit and vegetable market, a dead-meat market, a home cattle-market, two foreign cattle-markets, a cheese market, a bird and dog market, and an old clothes market, four slaughterhouses and offices, four hospitals, and one burying-ground; they are the owners of 2,488 municipal houses, 78 lodging-houses, of which they manage seven themselves; a family home, which they also direct; 372 shops, 49 stores, 43 warehouses, 43 work-shops, 12 halls, 2 churches, 2 hotels, 1 theater, 1 studio, 1 lawn-office, 1 nursing-home, 1 powder-mill, 1 laundry, 1 bakehouse, 1 golf-course, and 1 golf-tennis; they farm over 1,000 acres of land, where large crops are grown, including all the hay used in the stables of the cleansing department, as well as crops of oats, wheat, turnips, etc.; they convert the city sewage into solid matter, and sell it to farmers for manure; they carry on business as market-gardeners; they possess stone-quarries and 900 railway wagons; they build street cars, reclaim bogs, conduct a civic granary, raise \$5,000 a year on the cinder from the refuse-cremating furnaces, collect and sell waste-paper, and are not above melting and disposing of the solder from the old tin cans they find in the dust-heaps. The contributor to the "Times" adds that this catalogue makes no pretense of being exhaustive. Such as it is, however, it will probably suffice to startle even those light-hearted New York statesmen who proposed the nationalization of the Pennsylvania coal mines "by the right of eminent domain."

Glasgow, moreover, is only one of many—an extreme, but by no means unique, example of what is going on all over the kingdom. The "Times" correspondent found and collected instances of the same sort of "enterprise" wherever he looked. There are about ten or a dozen towns in England where municipal sterilized milk for babies is supplied. The local governing authorities not only furnish the milk, but feeding-bottles with it—the purchase being required to bring the tests at specified intervals to the municipal milk-store, that their cleanliness may be tested. From this to the municipalization of the entire milk-supply is only a moderate step. It has not yet been taken, but sooner or later it inevitably will be. Several local governing authorities run saloons. Several others have set up homes for inebriates. General hospitals are still, for the most part, left to the support of private charity, but sanatoria for consumptives, smallpox and scarlet fever hospitals are common objects of municipal benevolence. In one town tubes of serum are prepared out of the public funds for cases of diphtheria and peripneumonia, and sold at a nominal price to all who apply for them. Cemeteries and crematoria under municipal ownership and management literally abound. The control of local markets has always, and quite properly, been vested in the local authority, but municipal markets are now swiftly leading to municipal slaughterhouses, municipal cold storage houses, municipal ice factories. Cardiff has a municipal fish market; Torquay breeds rabbits on a large tract of land where water is collected for the municipal waterworks, and the profits from the sale of them goes to reducing the rates—the experiment having answered so well that the City Council has now gone in for sheep farming; Tunbridge Wells grows hops, and Liverpool best roots on their sewage farms; at Colchester there are municipal oysters, which those who have never tasted an American oyster may conceivably relish; Brighton and several other towns own race-courses; a few have built theaters; West Ham not only manufactures its own paving-stones, but sells its surplus to contractors; many local authorities drive a good business in the residual products of gas—Manchester, for instance, trading in soap, oil, tallow and mortar; most of the corporations that supply gas are prepared also to furnish stoves and all the necessary fittings; Sheffield undertakes plumbing work as a side issue to supplying water; Liverpool has a municipal tailoring establishment, where the uniforms of the town officials and employees are made; Battersea cuts all the timber required for municipal buildings and street-paving in its own saw-mill; Cardiff does the same; Manchester manufactures for itself all the wagons, brooms and brushes needed by the local street-cleaning departments; the Westminster City Council at the time of the coronation set up as seat speculators, and got most handsomely "left;" a good many local authorities provide bands in the parks, organ recitals, and free municipal concerts; Nottingham runs both a

university college and an aviary; the London County Council makes a free distribution of plants at the end of each summer season; Glasgow, Liverpool and Leicester provide window-boxes filled with flowers for cottages in the poor and crowded districts; Blackpool, a seaside resort, spends thousands of pounds a year on advertising its charms and subscribes considerable sums to the local "attractions;" Harrogate goes one better by offering visitors municipal displays of fireworks; at least a score of local authorities own golf links and cycle tracks, and, on a somewhat higher plane, schemes are constantly being put forward for municipal insurance offices, municipal banking and municipal ownership of coal mines and canals.

Side by side, and intimately connected with all this, are to be noted a prodigious expansion of municipal indebtedness—it now stands at well over \$1,500,000,000—and an increase in local rates almost as great. The way in which local authorities plunder manufacturers, industrial companies, well-to-do traders and property-owners, that some fresh municipal enterprise may be undertaken, is almost incredible. The question of local rates is becoming as formidable to British industry as the question of trade unionism. Moreover, it is a fact that the "new municipalism" is the direct outcome of the concerted movement which English trade unionists, Socialists and labor men have organized for the capture of the local authorities. They have pushed forward this movement with an electioneering skill worthy of an American campaign manager. One result of their irruption into city councils is that the best type of men are ceasing to interest themselves in local affairs; another is that while the range of municipal activity is constantly widening, its efficiency is as steadily deteriorating. At the same time a bureaucracy of municipal office-holders is being solidly formed, and even the municipal employees are now a sort of trade union on their own account. Add to this the unfairness of a local authority competing with and finally crushing private traders and professional men, add the paralyzing effect on invention and initiative, add further the recklessness with which wildcat schemes are plunged into and the extravagant inefficiency with which they are usually prosecuted, add finally the suspicion that a municipal balance sheet does not close a satisfactory account, and you will understand why Englishmen envy America her hundred years' backwardness.

## Mr. Raggs of the Garbage Bar!

"YES!" said Mr. Raggs, meditatively. He dropped the handle of the old cart he was trundling with a gentle sigh that resembled the trumpeting of a wounded elephant. He took off his hat and carefully brushed the brim—the crown had long since departed this life. Then he drew his hand across his forehead, and plowed a moist furrow in the dust there.

"Yes! It is a pleasant time I lead. I start off in the morning with me cooper an' return at night laden with the spoils of a city's ash bar!" "Oh, his is a existence no less—plenty of fresh air an' nothin' to pay for it."

"As for the ash bar's, they're reg'lar Klondike nuggets. It's amazin' how many folks live right up to the Golden Rule. Only most of them spell it different—'Give to th' other fellow what y' don't want y'self.' But there, it's all the same to me 'f they want 'em or not, s'long 's I get 'em."

"Besides, old things is stylish now, an' me an' my old woman we like to be in style. You can't figure what a great chance the ash bar's business is for stylish people. We get all our spring clothes there an' it's a heap better'n Eaton's, 'sides bein' cheaper. The hats I get there are so old they're mostly coming into style again. Look here. Ain't this hat smart? 'Course it ain't got any brim, but that crown is real toney."

"Then, as for gloves—oh, my eye! 'Tis true the last pair I got were wantin' a few fingers, but they made up a listful between them. My old woman put all the fingers on one hand, an' said Sunday I could carry the other glove in my hand—'twas more stylish so. Only they was two thumbs to it an' I had to bust a hole in one to let me finger have elbow-room. But there! They ain't nothin' so good 'f y' can't grumble if y' want to. Whenever I feel stuck up I jest look at that finger an' bless my stars I ain't too proud to recognize my friends on St. George's street."

"Boots! Why just look. Three pairs of baby shoes—ain't they cute? They'll come in handy for Jim here when he sets up house." (Jim was twelve and slightly underdone as regards size, though tough enough in every other respect.) "Any girl'd be glad to get a fellow so well set up."

gets it homeroptically—but fr' reg'lar diet well. But there—they ain't nothin' won't better if y' have too much of it—an' the speller it is the sooner y' have had enough of it."

"Yes, I'm going on. We always get something good at that house down there—the one with the port-cowshed at the front door. Yesterday it was an old pipe, an' the day before we found an old skiver—fr' meat, you know. It looked like silver when we polished it, an' the old woman uses it for a hat-pin. What- ever else her fallin's is, my old woman can make more out of nothin' than most women her size. I wish't I was that clever. If only everlastin' an' good looks went together we'd all be arch angels. But these things has to be divided up or somebody'd get nothin'."

"Come on, Jim!" — Edward Wilson Wallace in "Acta Victoriana."

## THE LAUNDRESS' LAMENT.

Bless my heart! Why was I ever born! Toiling and moiling from morning till night, and never a rest! If man was made to mangle what was a laundress made for—certainly not to sing. My hands are nearly charred off working in filthy suds, washing other people's clothes, and other people's floors. No wonder soapmakers give prizes with their soaps. Those who use some of the soaps deserve prizes. I would rather do without the prizes and have a whole skin. And as to the mistreat' part of the bargain—imagine rubbing ten dollars' worth into the value of five dollars, and then getting a fifty-cent prize for doing it! It makes one laugh—that is, if you haven't to pay for it. But I cannot laugh at my sore hands. Well, well, I suppose what cannot be cured must be endured.

"Hello, Mary! what's the matter, you seem out of sorts?"

"Out of sorts, Margaret, I should think I am. Life is a burden."

"Oh, nonsense, Mary, you have a fit of the blues—it will soon pass off."

"The blues might pass off, Margaret, if that were all; but my poor sore hands and aching back remain."

"Why, sakes alive, Mary, what has put your hands in that state? What hard thick knuckles you've got, and how ragged your nails are, too!"

"Hard knuckles and ragged nails! Bah! What is that to me, I wish you heard the grumbling I have to stand about hard flannels and ragged clothes after I have washed them. Hard knuckles and ragged nails are not my only troubles."

"Yes, but why should the flannels or your knuckles be hard, or your nails or skin be cut up in that way?"

"Why, surely you know, Margaret, you do washing as well as I."

"Yes, but I hear no grumbling, and see my hands, they are as soft and fresh as any lady's."

"Why, so they are, Margaret; now, how is that?"

"I tell you what, Mary, you want to have a doctor's advice."

"Oh, the doctor may cure my hands, but he won't mend the clothes or soften the flannels."

"Oh, yes, he will."

"A doctor mend clothes and soften flannels! You always would have your little joke, Margaret."

"Seriously, Mary, I am not joking, and I will tell you a secret. Have you ever heard of Sir Charles Cameron?"

"Well, he is one of the highest authorities in England. He was President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and has a whole string of letters at the end of his name. Well, I read a simple statement he made one day, and it cured me of sore hands, hard knuckles, aching back, softened the flannels, and prevented the clothes going so soon to tatters."

"What a funny doctor, and what was it you read?"

"He said there was something he used himself, and he recommended it to women when washing clothes; and I said to myself, I will try that. I found out that Queen Victoria herself used the same in her castles in England, and that further convinced me. You know, Mary, these people have a means of knowing things that we poor people take years to find out."

"Well, what did Sir Charles Cameron say?"

"Well, it was simply this: 'I have carefully analyzed specimens of the Sunlight Soap. The points in the composition of this Soap that are most valuable are its freedom from free alkali, the large percentage of fatty acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its preparation. I employ the Soap, and from my actual experience of it can strongly recommend it.'"

"I have myself found from experience—and it stands to reason—that soaps loaded with alkali must ruin the hands and destroy the clothes. I found there was no sense in turning my hands during the day and rubbing glycerine on during the night. They never got time to get better. Sunlight Soap being made from pure oils and fats cannot hurt the hand or the clothes. Imagine the foolishness of rubbing the adulteration of common soaps into the skin and into the clothes, and then having to wash out not merely the original dirt of the clothes, but the soap adulteration as well—that is, washing dirt with dirt. Simple Simon could scarcely do worse."

"Oh, Margaret, I wish I had known of this before. My hands might have been like yours to-day. I will try it in my next washing."

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## The Models of Paris.

"HERE there are painters there must be models, and in Paris, where the artistic population is the largest and most cosmopolitan, would make a little world of small comedies and large tragedies," writes Virginia Blanchard in the "English Illustrated Magazine."

"As a rule, they know one another only as other people do, according to their common successes and common failures. The better class women of the profession—that is, those whose gifts have earned for them the honor of posing for great painters—always say in reply to enquiries, 'Oh, I don't know any models!'"

In a tone which says, 'My dear air, though my beauty is such I cannot es-

cape the importunities of painters, and I have consented to make the world the happier for my having been created, still, I must not make the mistake of supposing me to be an ordinary model.' Her case is an exceptional one. I have known a great many exceptional cases; in fact, there is quite a colony of them."

"Before the mists are scattered along Rue Duperre by a tardy sun rising above the white towers of Sacre Coeur, on the heights of Montmartre, when the goat-herd, in his blue smock and sabots, has driven his flock before the wild music of his pipe along Rue des Martyrs beyond Montmartre, into suburban Paris, there is a gathering of the brotherhood who are models around the fountain of Place Pigalle. They gather there every Monday morning of the year. It is an old custom of the quarter, the origin of which is forgotten in the melee of traditions."

"It is a strange group of humanity, these models, in their varied and eccentric costumes. Velvetens, long cloaks (which drape the figure with a certain picturesque grace), wide soft hats, and long hair seem to be the accepted mode, as well as the peasant's costume of Italy, which the women sometimes wear. The men who possess costumes usually carry them in a bag of bright stuff under their long cloaks."

"The commanding Raphael, whose name, no doubt, was chosen after his choice of profession, occupies the central position, partly by reason of his great height and also because he is a bulwark around which the weaker members cling. He is to a limited extent, a born tragedian. His natural pose is one of unpromising fierceness. He, the mildest-hearted of old posers, would make a splendid model for a bandit, with his fierce brows, long wild locks and beard."

"A little pathetic, faded, grimy figure by his side is 'grand mere,' as they call her, an old, gray-haired woman, still hugging the illusions of her youth, and waiting in the tawdry splendor of her national costume for the painters who have used to celebrate her, and who have long since passed by for the last time. The kindly Raphael taps his brow significantly, and murmurs 'Elle est folle!'"

"And that little rogue Jean Dagnano of the glorious melancholy eyes! It is not often that Jean joins the group at the Place, for he is a much-requested model, and his engagements are made ahead, but sometimes he comes looking like a little old man in his long trousers, much too big for him, and great in which he reposes comically over his ears. But even in those absurd clothes he has a certain charm—the union of the ludicrous with the beautiful."

"The young Madonna but recently come from the vineyards of Italy, her brown cheeks still warm with Southern sunshine, has learned the value of a sweetly maternal expression, and is always provided with an infant of the proper age, even when she must rent it!"

"The painter descends from his heights at an early hour, and proceeds slowly to the Place. He appears in the distance! The curtain has risen, the play has begun!"

"Raphael, with a step forward, tosses his head and knits his shaggy brows into their fiercest expression; the elder Dagnano turns his martyred eyes heavenward; the Madonna rests hers tenderly on the infant for whom she is paying a franc a day; the short man with the bushy hair, whose figure shed of its strange garments is a model of athletic power, turns his back (which is his good point) and demands a light of his gay friend! If it is all acting it is not bad art. Each performer has perfected his role in this one-act pantomime of the streets until it rivals the performances of the Odeon! The happy model who walks away in the footsteps of the velvetene, long-haired painter of the quarter is as real in his part as is his patron. And, after all, it is such a pleasing, pretty part! Who would essay to separate the real from the make-believe; the sentiment from the color of it; the passion from the show of it, in delightful Paris?"

"It is all art; and if in the pursuit of the beautiful they forget the truth, if the original idea is lost in the thousand seductive bypaths of art, still we have, once or twice in a century, a Millet or a Rodin to sound a recall to the stern Mother."

"Well, what did Sir Charles Cameron say?"

"Well, it was simply this: 'I have carefully analyzed specimens of the Sunlight Soap. The points in the composition of this Soap that are most valuable are its freedom from free alkali, the large percentage of fatty acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its preparation. I employ the Soap, and from my actual experience of it can strongly recommend it.'"

"I have myself found from experience—and it stands to reason—that soaps loaded with alkali must ruin the hands and destroy the clothes. I found there was no sense in turning my hands during the day and rubbing glycerine on during the night. They never got time to get better. Sunlight Soap being made from pure oils and fats cannot hurt the hand or the clothes. Imagine the foolishness of rubbing the adulteration of common soaps into the skin and into the clothes, and then having to wash out not merely the original dirt of the clothes, but the soap adulteration as well—that is, washing dirt with dirt. Simple Simon could scarcely do worse."

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"I have myself found from experience—and it stands to reason—that soaps loaded with alkali must ruin the hands and destroy the clothes. I found there was no sense in turning my hands during the day and rubbing glycerine on during the night. They never got time to get better. Sunlight Soap being made from pure oils and fats cannot hurt the hand or the clothes. Imagine the foolishness of rubbing the adulteration of common soaps into the skin and into the clothes, and then having to wash out not merely the original dirt of the clothes, but the soap adulteration as well—that is, washing dirt with dirt. Simple Simon could scarcely do worse."

"Oh, Margaret, I wish I had known of this before. My hands might have been like yours to-day. I will try it in my next washing."

"Do, Mary, and be sure it is Sunlight Soap, and ask for the Octagon bar. It is an ideal shape for the laundry. And just a word before I go, Mary, if you find that your grocer does not keep Sunlight Soap you have only got to send him name and address to Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, and they will send you a sample of Sunlight Soap without cost."

"Now, this is absolutely a fact, and it means in every-day language that the skin cannot be hurt even if the hands are immersed for hours in the suds of Sunlight Soap, because this soap is made from oils and fats pure enough to eat; and there is none of that burning sensation that is caused by alkaline soaps."

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THERE was once a curious and energetic youth who wished to see something of the world, so he went to his father and said: "Father, my experience hitherto has been somewhat limited, and I wish to enlarge it. What would you advise?"

"Here, my boy," he said, "Go out and learn something."

By and by the boy came back and said: "Father, I got as much experience as I could with that hundred, but I find that I need more to carry out certain investigations I am becoming interested in."

This time his father gave him two hundred dollars, and the youth went away rejoicing. After a while, however, he came back again and said:

"Father, I find that experience is somewhat expensive. Now could you—?"

This time his father gave him five hundred dollars.

It was not long, however, before he was back again.

"Once more, father," he said, "I have come to ask your kind assistance."

This time, however, the father shook his head.





**SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.** Mus. Doc., the London "Musical Times" announces, has consented to furnish that monthly with an account of the Canadian Cycle of Festivals. I shall be curious to read what he says about the Toronto Festival, which was brought to a close on Saturday night last, although I fear that I shall not get much illumination, for, apart from his musical talents, Sir Alexander is a profound diplomatist.

The Toronto Festival was but one of the series of Cycle events, but, after all, it has to be considered separately and from an artistic point of view, and I therefore cannot agree with the erudite musical editor of the "Mail" that its success was unparalleled. The three concerts given earlier in the season in one week by the Mendelssohn Choir and the Pittsburgh Orchestra, and the performances on that occasion were far more finished and satisfactory. Then the first Musical Festival of 1886 was a success, for was not Mme. Lilli Lehmann one of a distinguished list of solo artists, and was there not a big chorus of nine hundred, and an orchestra of ninety members, and is there not still floating around somewhere that surplus of \$10,000? Certainly Mr. Charles Harris, the organizer and creator of the Cycle, has, with the valuable aid of Mr. Samuel Nordheimer and Manager Houston, made the Toronto function a financial success. There were four concerts, and at all three of the evening performances the large auditorium of Massey Hall was filled, while there was quite a large gathering at the Saturday matinee. I must confess that, bearing in mind the inherent weaknesses of the transcontinental scheme, which, for economical reasons, decided on the employment of four different orchestras and a constant change of conductors, I was agreeably disappointed with what was accomplished. There was only one hitch in the Festival, and that occurred on the second night, when Stanford's fine work, "The Battle of the Baltic," was given by the Festival chorus and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. It appears, however, that the chorus, which had been prepared in the work by Dr. Torrington, had had no opportunity to rehearse fully with the orchestra, and, moreover, that Dr. Torrington was unexpectedly called upon to conduct, although he had never had in his possession a copy of the full score. That a temporary hitch happened is therefore not surprising in the circumstances. Two choruses were engaged, the "Festival" Chorus prepared by Dr. Torrington and the "National" Chorus rehearsed by Dr. Albert Ham. Toronto is famous all over the continent for the musical voices and the technical efficiency of its choruses, and in these respects the Festival worthily sustained the reputation of the city. But while the primary elements of good choral singing were in evidence, one missed the observance of the refinements of the scores. It is also a regrettable fact that the Chicago Symphony Orchestra were subjected to so severe a strain on their endurance by the almost continuous playing required of them from morning to night in rehearsals and concerts, that they were physically unable to do more than struggle through a routine performance. The members of the organization are deeply chagrined that this was so. One of their leading managers remarked to me: "Oh! if we could only have an opportunity of showing the people of Toronto what we can do in our own programmes, for which there would be no need for these incessant rehearsals!" I sympathize with the orchestra very much. They have some splendid players in the different sections, and they have left Toronto smarting under a sense of unappreciated merit.

The scheme of the Festival embraced so many fine modern British compositions that it will be impossible for me within the limits of the space at my disposal to do more than pass a few comments upon the principal numbers. While the productions demonstrated that Mackenzie, Stanford and Elgar are masters in the art of orchestration and have fertile musical creative power, they also proved that these gentlemen cannot write for the voice with that ease, grace and effect for which the vocal works of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan were distinguished, and which are apparent in his work, "The Golden Legend," the principal number at Friday night's concert. There was no chorus at the Festival so vocally grateful as the "O Gladsome Light," and no solo so vocally effective as Elsie's solo, "The Night Is Calm," both in "The Golden Legend." On the other hand the music given in the very healthy and promising state, that there are originality and distinction of idea in its conceptions, musically skill in the use of its material, and authority, ingenuity, charm of color and fertility of resource in its treatment of the orchestra. The first concert (Thursday) was devoted entirely to the compositions of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and was honored with the presence of the Governor-General and Lady Minto. The first number after the National Anthem was the "Coronation March," composed for the solemnity in Westminster Abbey. I do not think that this march made any striking impression. It is cleverly scored for the orchestra, and it is by no means banal, like the majority of present-day marches, but it certainly lacks melodic vitality. The orchestra, moreover, played it in a very ladylike manner, so that it was wanting in pomp and force. That the orchestra were tired out, very few people knew, and the audience in consequence rather depreciated their playing. The "Song of Thanksgiving for Peace," extracted from the suite "London, Day By Day," is not specially inspiring, but the orchestra were, however, generously applauded. The three Shakespearean sonnets, sung by Mr. Reginald Davidson, the Cycle baritone, are cleverly and unobtrusively set to music. Of the three "Shall I Compare Thee" was considered the most attractive. The Burns "Scottish Rhapsody," No. 2, showed the composer

in his happiest mood. He has taken the themes of "Scots Wha Hae" and other characteristic melodies and worked the whole into a fine mosaic for orchestra, full of life and color. The extended work of the evening was "The Dream of Jubal," for trio of solo voices, a reciter and chorus and orchestra. The story goes that Jubal in a vision has revealed to him the after development of his art, and this gives the composer opportunities of introducing six different specimens of modern music. Mr. Charles Fry recited the narrative against a very delicate and suggestive orchestral background, while the soloists were Miss Ethel Wood, the Cycle soprano; Miss Grace Lillian Carter, specially engaged for the occasion, contralto, and Mr. Ben Davies, tenor, also specially engaged for Toronto. "The Dream of Jubal" may be considered the most interesting of Sir Alexander's works produced at the Festival. The reciting was most artistically done by Mr. Fry—so well done, indeed, that the audience followed the narrative with strained attention. The solos were admirably rendered, although Miss Wood was suffering from a cold, and the Festival Chorus sang with impressive sonority and with most grateful quality of tone, and gave evidences that they had rehearsed the work with some care. The opening solo and chorus, "Gloria In Excelsis," is conceived in a broad, religious style, with massive but simple harmonies, and with a short fugue by way of keeping up the traditional manner of treating the "Amen." Of the other sections of the work one may mention as showing a mastery of different styles on the part of the composer the rustic number, "The Song of the Sickle," for tenor solo and chorus, which, with its obvious tune and old English flavor, quite took the fancy of the audience, who wanted to enclose it; the "Funeral March and Chorus," and the final invocation to music. Mr. Ben Davies sang in "The Song of the Sickle" with great spirit and abandon.

The "magnum opus" of the second concert was Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Golden Legend," which, as a familiar work to Toronto, needs no comment beyond pointing out that it is perhaps the composer's best effort in serious style. The solo quartette consisted of Miss Ethel Wood, soprano; Miss Marie Louise Clary, contralto; Mr. Ben Davies, tenor, and Mr. Watkin Mills, bass. Dr. Torrington conducted, and in this cantata the Festival Chorus, who had been rehearsed by him, showed to the best advantage, especially in regard to assurance of attack and vim and volume of tone in the choruses. The hymn, "O Gladsome Light," was very sweetly and smoothly rendered, although personally I would have preferred to hear it sung at a slower tempo. Miss Wood, in the part of Elsie, rose to the height of her powers. Her singing of "The Night Is Calm" was inspiring. In the intense passages her voice dominated both chorus and orchestra, and she sang with a warmth of expression, a sustained power and a beauty of voice that stirred the pulse of the audience. It is needless to say that Mr. Watkin Mills, in his original part of Lucifer, sang with clearness of enunciation and fine resonance of tone. Mr. Ben Davies, in the rather colorless music of Prince Henry, treated the audience to a suave and finished interpretation, and Miss Clary, an old favorite in this city, sang very sweetly as Ursula. The storm in the prologue was not a very tempestuous one, principally because the orchestra was too weary to rise to the occasion. Mackenzie's suite, "London, Day By Day," for orchestra, proved to be a delightful musical joke. It is suggestive of life in London within the vicinity of the Westminster clock, and depicts the genial and yet bustling aspect of Cockneydom. The "Song of Thanksgiving," heard at the previous concert, was omitted. The second movement introduces a graceful waltz, cleverly orchestrated, and the finale, entitled "Hamstead Heath," humorously utilizes the tunes of a couple of Chevalier's coster songs. The last number on the programme was Stanford's "Battle of the Baltic," which is a very stirring composition, but with which the Festival Chorus were evidently insufficiently familiar. If there was "muddiness" in the music, as alleged by one of the evening papers, the fault was in the rendering. At one portion of the work the chorus got almost hopelessly involved, and Dr. Torrington, who conducted, had to recommence the section anew. The incident has been explained by the statement that the chorus had not been given a proper rehearsal with the orchestra.

The third concert, Saturday afternoon, was a miscellaneous one for orchestra and soloists. The programme included Corder's overture, "Prospero;" Cliffe's "Ballade" from the symphony in C minor, Stanford's "Irish Rhapsody," No. 1; Cowen's "Scandinavian" symphony, with the beautiful Adagio omitted, and Mackenzie's overture, "The Cricket on the Hearth," all distinguished illustrations of British art. Mr. Wilfrid Virgo, the Cycle tenor, appeared for the first time, sang "Glorious Day" from "Onaway, Awake, Beloved," which in point of interpretation could, with difficulty, have been improved upon. The singer revealed a fine and sympathetic voice, with plenty of carrying power. Miss Millicent Brennan, a Canadian soprano, who received her musical education at Paris, sang "The Happy Birds," from Mr. Charles A. E. Harris's cantata, "Torquil," which she invested with charm and grace. Her voice is most attractive and has been well cultivated. The evening and last concert introduced the National Chorus in Mackenzie's "Cotter's Saturday Night" and Dr. Elgar's "Banner of St. George." In spite of the Scotch color and motives introduced into the former, the composition savored of monotony, and made no decided impression. It was not well sung, although the National Chorus was made up of good, fresh voices. I understand that while the orchestra were kept at work so unremittently during the week the chorus were given no more than twelve minutes' rehearsing with orchestra in this work, while for the Elgar ballad they got twenty-five minutes. The "Banner of St. George" was decidedly the best effort of the chorus, and was conducted by Dr. Albert Ham, organizer and trainer. The composition is a bright and striking work, with some finely contrasted effects, both for voices and orchestra, and rising to an imposing and patriotic climax in the epilogue, "It Comes From the Misty Ages." Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, whose

beautiful voice has often been heard in our concert halls, took the short soprano solo, and during the evening contributed Liza Lehmann's charming "Spinning Song." Dr. Ham conducted with vigor and care, and brought the "Banner of St. George" to a close without any hitch. The singing of the chorus was broad and full of vigor, but insufficient attention was paid to the nuances. Mr. Reginald Davidson sang a couple of songs very smoothly. The orchestral numbers were Hamish McCunn's picturesque overture, "Land of the Mountain and the Flood," which almost breathes the atmosphere of Scotland; Stanford's delightful Scherzo from his "Irish" symphony, and the "Adoration" from Mr. Charles A. E. Harris's "Coronation Mass." Mr. Harris, the composer, and also the organizer of the Cycle, made a brief speech during the evening, in which he expressed gratification at the success of the concerts, and thanked Toronto music-lovers for the hearty manner in which they had supported the Festival. He also acknowledged his indebtedness to Mr. Samuel Nordheimer, whose efforts had ensured the financial success of the project.

Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" will be performed at the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, London, Eng., on the afternoon of Saturday, June 6. The chorus will be the North Staffordshire Festival Choir, and the orchestra will be that of the Concert Gebruw of Amsterdam.

Dr. Richter, now in his sixtieth year, will conduct the performances of the Wagner "Ring" at Covent Garden Theatre, opening next Monday night. There will be a most fashionable gathering of the notables of London, as all the dress boxes were sold out before the subscription opened.

Miss Edith J. Mason, the brilliant young pianist, who has been studying for several years with Mr. Tripp, will make her professional debut at St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening next. Much interest is being taken in this coming event, as Miss Mason won golden opinions from the critics at previous appearances as an amateur. Miss Mason will be assisted by Miss Gunn and Mr. L. Beardmore. Tickets can be had at Nordheimer's and Tyrrell's book store.

Miss Lena Hayes announces a violin recital for Saturday evening, May 2, in the Conservatory Music Hall. She will be assisted by Miss Dora McMurry, Mr. Tripp and Mrs. Blight. The programme will be most attractive. Tickets can be procured at the Conservatory or at Bain's book store.

Mr. Frank Welsman and Herr Klingensfeld, assisted by Mr. David Ross, baritone, will give a piano and violin recital in Association Hall on Tuesday evening, May 12. A feature of the programme will be the rendering of three of Mr. Welsman's songs.

Miss Jessie Binn, pupil of Dr. Edward Fisher, gave a remarkably interesting piano recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Tuesday evening, before a large and musical audience. Miss Binn is one of the most talented of Dr. Fisher's pupils, and he is to be congratulated upon having a student who so ably illustrates his methods of teaching, her technique, touch, expression, phrasing, use of pedal, repose and warmth of style all showing the results of careful training as well as the possession of great natural gifts. The programme embraced the Bach-Tausig "Toccata and Fugue" in D minor, which was played with breadth, steadiness and a round, rich tone; also the Chopin B flat minor "Sonata," a composition seldom attempted except by artists of the first rank. Each of the four movements received an illuminative and artistic interpretation, the technical difficulties, though great, not being apparent in the performance. The "Funeral March" was given an expressive rendering, and indeed the whole composition was played with authority and distinction. The melody in Grieg's "Ich Liebe Diele" was delivered with a beautiful singing tone, and the Schubert-Tausig "Marche Militaire" was brilliantly played, the theme in octaves near the end being brought out clearly and closing with a fine climax. The Chopin "Nocturne" in D flat and the Liszt "Rhapsodie," No. 2, which was technically an achievement, made a very effective double number. The brilliant "Concert-Stueck" by Weber, with the orchestral accompaniment exceedingly well played on a second piano by Mr. Napier Durand, formed a fitting conclusion to an exceptionally strong programme. Miss Binn was assisted by Miss Marguerite Adams, violinist, pupil of Mrs. Drechsler-Adams, who played Leonard's "Souverain de Haydn," Misses Helen Ferguson, J. T. A. Robertson, and Edith E. Crawford, vocalists, pupils respectively of Mrs. Ryan-Burke, Dr. Albert Ham and Mr. Rechab Tandy. CHERUBINO.

The choir of Wesley Church, Dundas street, gave a service of praise on Tuesday evening of last week, under the direction of Mr. George D. Atkinson. Assistance was rendered by Miss Dora L. McMurry, soprano; H. Ruthven MacDonald, baritone, and S. J. Douglas, solo cornetist, all of whom acquitted themselves with great acceptance to the large and appreciative audience. The choral numbers included Beethoven's "The Heavens Are Declaring," Gounod's "From Thy Love as Father" ("Redemption"), Brahms' "In Heavenly Love Abiding," unaccompanied, and the "Inflammation" from the "Stabat Mater," with obligato by Miss McMurry. The choir work displayed an intelligent comprehension of legitimate choral effects, the balance, attack and shading being freely commented upon. Mr. Atkinson contributed two organ solos, Leman's second "Andantino" in D flat and Flotow's overture to "Stradella," and Miss Carlotta Wickson, a talented pupil of Mr. Atkinson's, played the Bach "Giant" fugue and a "Grand Choeur" by Holms in a most creditable manner. Mention must also be made of the efficient solo work of the church quartette, Mrs. E. Burritt, soprano; Maude Richards-Tisdale, contralto, and Edouard Baumann, tenor, taking part. Altogether Mr. Atkinson enhanced the reputation he has acquired as one of our most enterprising and successful young musicians.

"There goes a red horseless carriage!" "Where is the white-haired lady?"

#### Specimen from Ezra Kendall.

No one has ever caught Ezra Kendall unprepared with a story. He is always ready to entertain his friends with a humorous chapter or so from his fund of reminiscences and frequently delights his audiences with them when called upon before the curtain. Here is something decidedly Kendall-esque that he told one evening recently:

"I was on my way to Chicago from Baltimore, recently, in a Pullman sleeping car—oh, yes, they allow us to ride in the Pullmans now. After a good night's rest I got out of my berth early in the morning and made my way to the wash-room. You know the little washroom, about so big, at the end of the car. Well, I pushed my way in with some other men and finally took my turn at one of the wash-basins.

"Just as I got my face soaped up good and well the train shot around a curve and into a tunnel, where it was dark, of course. When the train struck the curve the jar caused my face to slip out of my hands, and it landed in the hands of the man who was bending over washing away, just alongside of me. He kept on washing busily, as if nothing had happened.

"Hold on, friend," I said, 'that's my face you have in your hands.'

"Is that so?" he remarked. 'Well, what's become of mine?'

"Guess I've got it here," said a man on the other side of him. 'I haven't said a word so far, but this face I am washing has been talking right along.'

"Is he popular?" "Oh, he is as unpopular as a popular song becomes as soon as it gets to be popular."

When we remember what we think of others, we are not anxious to know what others think of us.

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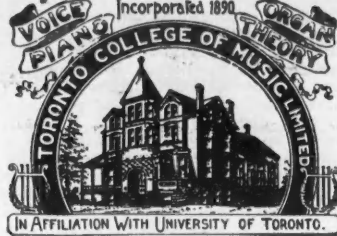
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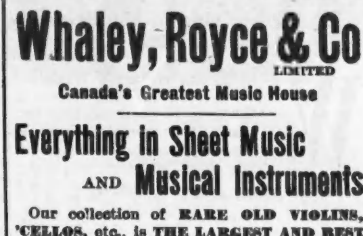
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## Social and Personal.

Miss Louie Jones is visiting Mrs. Hudson in New York.

The last reunion of the Euchre Club, after a most delightful season, took place on Tuesday evening, at the residence of Mrs. Norman Allen, the member-hostess being her clever sister, Miss Ethel Martin. The prizes for the season's play were adjudged as follows: Miss Kathleen Taylor, Miss Benson and Mr. J. B. Thompson, for lone hands. Music and a dance closed an interesting and pleasant evening.

The sincerest sympathy is sent on all sides to the relatives of the late lamented Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario in their loss of a parent so esteemed and cherished. To Miss Mowat especially, who devoted herself to him with unceasing care, and has always been so generous and kind in discharging her onerous duties as patroness of countless enterprises with willingness and self-sacrifice not always considered by the public, are thoughts of affectionate sympathy sent in this trying hour. Two daughters have reigned in Government House and seen their fathers carried forth in state to their burial, and for each one there has been love and admiration and respect. All good wishes for the future are Miss Mowat's tribute from the people of Toronto at this hour.

On next Friday evening the annual At Home of the Old Orchard Club will be held in the Temple ballroom. Mr. Gordon Scott, 357 Dovercourt road, is the honorary secretary of the dance, and a good many friends of the club are anticipating a good time.

The Bachelors of Barrie gave a ball on Tuesday evening in the Town Hall, which was a notably successful affair. The patronesses were Mrs. W. A. Boys, Mrs. M. Burton, Mrs. W. M. Campbell, Mrs. J. B. Clark, Mrs. Devine, Mrs. Grasett, Mrs. D. Holmes, Mrs. Jory, Mrs. Joyner, Mrs. D. H. MacLaren, Mrs. Pemberton, Mrs. D. Ross, Mrs. Shanley, Mrs. James Vair, Mrs. Wells, and the stewards were Dr. Brereton, Mr. H. M. Dymont, Mr. Roy Findlay, Mr. H. E. Giles, Mr. J. E. H. Laidlaw, Mr. J. A. MacLaren, Mr. W. D. Morton, Mr. J. C. Seeley, Mr. W. L. Vair.

A delightful programme has been arranged for the closing of the season of the Woman's Musical Club, which takes place this afternoon in the Temple Building. Very handsome white and gold invitation cards have been received, and few will miss the tempting menu of harmony and artistic numbers presented to-day. After the musicale tea will be served.

This week's offering by the Aborn Company is keeping up their fine standard, and on Wednesday evening there was scarcely a vacant seat at Shea's. The comedy of the lanky Scot, who was a "devil among the women," was as subtle and free from vulgar banality as in the part of the Grand Duke of the "Serenade." It is a treat, after all the stupid horse-play and alleged humor we have seen by other comedians, to study the quaint and funny presentations above mentioned. The dance of the ragged turncoat "Hielan' men" was encored several times, and the audience cackled in the greatest delight over it. "The Highwayman" should be good next week.

Mrs. O'Brien, Shanty Bay, is visiting Mrs. Henry O'Brien of Dromoland, Sherbourne street.

Mrs. McPhedran, Bloor street west, gave a very pretty tea last Saturday. Mrs. A. J. Broughall also gave a tea on Saturday for her niece, Miss Gladys Powell of Ottawa, to meet with a nice party of girl friends were invited. Dr. Drummond of Montreal came to town on Thursday and was the guest of Professor Mavor during his stay. His lecture on Thursday evening was very interesting.

Mrs. and Miss Lawrie of Glen road, Rosedale, have returned from Aiken, South Carolina, where they have been spending the winter.

Mrs. Jean Blewett, who has been visiting in Kent with her son and daughter, returned home on Thursday.

On Wednesday Mrs. Timothy Eaton gave a very delightful luncheon of over a score covers to the members of the Dickens Club. The table was beautifully done with American Beauty roses and sweet peas, and each guest received a much prized souvenir of the reunion in the shape of a handsome picture of the hostess taken in her Colonial party fancy costume.

Along with the many showers Jupiter Pluvius supplied last week, came a new sort of "shower," of a species very familiar to the residents of the Eastern United States, when the "shower" of some useful article means a gift of such article from each of the guests invited to the "shower." Such an event took place one day recently at the home of Mrs. Sweetnam in Madison avenue, when Miss Bowie of Brockville, who is

a bride-elect, was the recipient of a shower of dainties. The tea-table forecast the happy event of the bride-elect's future in a charming manner. A cake with white flowers, ribbons and many pretty decorations was the center of attraction. I hear the serio-comic toasts and speeches were too amusing for description.

No more popular actress visits Toronto than Miss Adelaide Thurston. Owing to numerous requests to meet Miss Thurston, Mr. Claxton Wiltach, her manager, has arranged with Mr. Small, the manager of the Grand Opera House, for a novel reception, which will be held on the stage of the theater immediately after the matinee performance on Wednesday. Miss Thurston's charming personality has made her a favorite in all the leading cities of the United States, and her annual visit to Toronto is always looked forward to with interest. The announcement of this novel reception on Wednesday should attract to the Grand one of the largest audiences of the season.

## An Irishman who Became a King.

The Case of King O'Keefe of the Caroline Islands Recalled by a Claim to His Estate.

THE New York "Tribune" tells of the sailing of the steamer "Justin" of the United States navy from Cavite to the little island of Yap, in the Caroline group, on a strange mission. The visit to Yap is made for the purpose of taking there a lawyer for the interests of certain residents of Georgia who claim to be heirs of the late King O'Keefe of Yap, who is said to have left a valuable estate. The claimants are the wife and child of O'Keefe. O'Keefe had several native wives and children in his island kingdom, and they undoubtedly will resist any attempt on the part of the heirs in the United States to secure possession of any part of his estate.

It is a romantic story, that of David O'Keefe, born in Tipperary, who before he died became a king, not in name only, but in fact, governing thousands of subjects as he thought best. They were untutored and savage, but they revered him, and his law was theirs. What he said went. He ruled his people with the sway of a monarch born to command, but all the time claimed to be an American citizen, and established his claim, too, at a time when it meant a great deal for him to do so.

The small islands of Serang and St. David, in the Southern Pacific, and the islet of Yap, near the larger island of the same name, were his to do with what he liked. They are in the Caroline group, that Spain in her dire financial extremity sold to Germany, but they have not passed under the control of the German Government. They were O'Keefe's while he lived, and his widow is ready to claim them now that he is dead. O'Keefe lived among the natives of his islands for almost thirty years. He studied their habits. He catered to their prejudices, and after establishing a firm hold among them he made them cater to his. He became their ruler. His word was law on the small islands of Serang and St. David, and no one dared gainsay what he averred was law or custom. The islands were acquired in a legitimate way from the chiefs of the tribes that inhabited them. The islet of Yap came into his possession in the same manner. He acquired it from a native chief, and he held on to his possessions until death claimed him.

Until the year 1871 O'Keefe was the captain of a small steamer, the "Islander," plying the waters of Savannah. He had come over from Ireland some time before, and had acquired some property. He lost it in a drydock building scheme in Savannah. To retrieve his lost cash he started steamboating, and for several years did a thriving business with the coast negroes of Georgia and South Carolina. These are not much above the natives of the Caroline Islands in intelligence, and O'Keefe may have learned the secret of successful trading with the blacks from these experiences. In 1871 the captain of the ship "Belvidere," then at Savannah, offered O'Keefe the berth of first officer on that vessel. It lied between Savannah and Liverpool, making at least two trips each year. It was looked upon as a splendid place for a young officer, and O'Keefe was glad to get it. He left behind him a young wife of a year and a little baby girl, expecting to be back in half a year. That was the last time he saw any of the members of his family. Reaching Liverpool, he met some old friends who were bent on trying their fortunes in China. O'Keefe, adventurer and seeker after riches, went to Hong Kong with them.

From that trip he began to prosper. He found himself on the island of Yap, seventeen hundred miles from Hong Kong, and saw an opportunity to make money. He embraced the opportunity. He traded in various products, and left his companions in the rear in the search for riches and influence. He saw that to succeed he must make friends with the natives. He did this, and built a trading schooner. His business grew, and other schooners were added. When he died he owned a fleet of them.

His wife in Savannah would never go to him in the faraway country in which he had cast his lot. She and the little girl remained at Savannah. Throughout all his triumphs O'Keefe never forgot his home people. Twice each year he went to Hong Kong, and just as often there would be sent a remittance to his wife in Savannah. The last remittance was for \$2,000, and it came in May, 1901. That was the last letter Mrs. O'Keefe received from her husband. O'Keefe did not abandon the traits of civilization after getting established in his new territory. To be the king was strictly business with him. When Germany bought the Caroline Islands from Spain in the office in his Majesty's navy wanted to claim O'Keefe's island for Emperor William. The intrepid son of St. Patrick defied them to take the islands from him, and called upon the United States to assist him in protecting his interests. His plea was not in vain. He firmly established his title to the property over which the flag of his adopted country and his individual bunting waved in triumph.

O'Keefe never tried to lord it over his subjects. He was a democratic ruler. He was never voted into power, but acquired the allegiance of his subjects through the acquisition of territory. If

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there was ever any effort made by the natives to dethrone this Irish-American and to take away from him the right to govern his islands he never permitted his home folk to know of it.

Some strange tales have found their way home from the faraway islands. They may be true and they may not be. Certain it is that O'Keefe never told them to anybody that knew him here. One of them has to do with his domestic relations. It is said that after he acquired the first island the natives did not like the idea of a bachelor ruler. They wanted a man with at least one wife. The island was searched for the most likely maiden and she was brought to the king as a gift from his subjects. If reports are true the maiden was adorned with an abundance of good looks and modesty, but wore no more clothes than the residents of the South Sea Islands, among the better class, affect. O'Keefe was astonished when he saw a delegation of natives coming in triumph procession with the bride for the ruler of the country. The purpose of the errand was explained to him. He was both astonished and amused. He knew the people were in earnest and that they believed they were acting for the best. He thought of his wife in far-off Savannah and smiled as he wondered what she would say at the proceedings then under way. The bride-elect was tendered in the formal way, and just as formally declined. The people were greatly disappointed, and it was all O'Keefe could do to make them understand that in the white man's country one wife is considered sufficient for a man, be he ruler or subject. If O'Keefe changed his mind subsequently, he at least never told Mrs. O'Keefe about it.

At another time the people of the island wanted him to don their attire and adopt their customs. This he was forced to decline. He never forgot his civilized habits. His visits to Hong Kong were great pleasure trips for him. They constituted his introduction to a broader civilization than held sway over his possessions.

His last trip to Hong Kong was in May, 1901. He made the trip in his own vessel, the schooner "Santa Cruz." Before starting to return home he sent his wife a draft for \$2,000. It reached her in safety. With it came a letter telling of further successes and speaking of a homecoming trip before the year was gone.

He sailed from Hong Kong for his home port on May 10, 1901, and nothing more has been heard of him. He disappeared with his entire crew. It is presumed that a storm came up and wrecked the schooner, and that everyone on board perished. His secretary at Hong Kong, who had seen him depart for Yap, waited in vain for the return of the schooner or for some word from his employer. After a reasonable length of time had passed he wrote to Mrs. O'Keefe, telling her that the king was probably lost. Nearly two years have gone by and still there has come no word, and so the attorney for Mrs. O'Keefe is going to the islands of the sturdy traveler to settle up his estate. It is not known what will become of the property. The right to sell it to others may be contested by the natives, who are probably awaiting the return of their sovereign. Lawyers in Hong Kong have been secured to assist in the search for and the recovery of what property O'Keefe left. The "OK" flag still floats in the Eastern waters, but it will probably come down forever when the estate is settled up.

Mrs. O'Keefe is now an old woman. The infant baby that O'Keefe, first officer of the good ship "Belvidere," kissed good-bye on his first voyage in the craft is now a grown woman, with children playing about her hearthstone. They never weary of hearing her talk of "Grandpa" who was a king.

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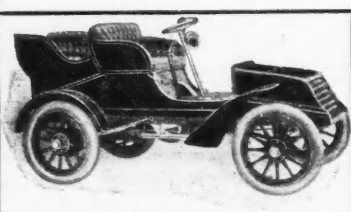
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### Studies in Natural History.

The Boy.

THIS untamable little creature, which is well called "The Terror of the Neighborhood," is perhaps the most feared and dreaded of all animals, and the one that causes the most aggravation.

Most people have the same instinctive desire to throttle a boy at sight, and on general principles, that they have to kill a snake. Unfortunately, the law prevents this; and as it has been found inexpedient to keep it confined like a lion or a jackal in a steel cage, out of harm's way, human beings have been unable to protect themselves against a creature so bloodthirsty that it finds its chief delight in torturing its victims.

This causes everyone to view the advent of a boy in a community with alarm, while the presence of two or three depreciates the value of property

and makes nervous people flee from the vicinity.

Although naturalists have devoted much time to the study of this subject, they have never been able to definitely classify the boy, owing to his partaking of the obnoxious traits of all the other animals. Physically, it is all stomach and yell, with a rudimentary heart and no soul.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the boy is greatly esteemed as a household pet, and is quite generally kept in that capacity. Indeed, few families are satisfied and happy without one, although after having received, one they never know another minute's peace and quiet as long as they have it about the house.

This is the most startling fact in all natural history, as, having observed their friends' boys, one would think that no money could induce a person to undertake to raise a creature that was so much trouble.

In looks the boy presents a curious

anomaly, as it changes at different ages. When it is quite young, and at the time, it may be observed, that most people select it, it is soft and beautiful, with an angelic expression that appeals strongly to female owners and causes them to rave over it.

A little later it gets stringy and long-legged, with pale green freckles and warts, and generally uncouth and unprepossessing appearance. Fortunately, however, by this time its owners have become attached to it; otherwise it would be cast out to perish.

The habits of the boy afford a most instructive study. It eats steadily from the time it gets up until it goes to bed, and devours the most indigestible substances with perfect impunity. Green apples, liquorice, hunks of bread and meat, doughnuts and whole pots of jam disappear down its throat without raising the slightest commotion in its stomach. When it is not opening its mouth to poke food down, it is opening it to emit a series of hideous sounds, so practically a boy's mouth is never shut. These sounds are unintelligible to human beings, but are apparently understood by its mates.

Naturalists also call attention to the fact that a boy is the only animal that spends its time in play, and it has been further observed that it soon wearies of any sport that does not hurt someone else. Another curious thing is that although a boy can play all day, he becomes ill and weary the minute work is suggested to him or he starts to school. This is probably constitutional.

Occasionally a boy has been broken in to do a few household tasks, but it requires so much energy and trouble to make it do any useful work that few people have the physical strength to attempt it.

Boys are also femphobes, and frequently bite and kick when a pretty girl desires to kiss them and stroke their hair. In time, however, they can be broken of this bad habit, and taught to endure female caresses with much equanimity.

The chief characteristic of a boy is his aversion to soap and water. In this it is like the cat, and it is with difficulty driven near the bath tub. It also balks at being dressed up and shown off before company. Now and then, it is true, you find one who will consent to be adorned in fauntleroy collars, and who will get out on the floor and do its little tricks without the whip, but these are never pure-blooded boys. They are mongrels with a strong strain of Sissy in them.

A curious thing in this connection is that everyone who owns a boy believes that he is a wonder and will be a future winner in the show. He also bitterly resents the insinuation that his boy possesses the same characteristics of other boys, or would be guilty of such a thing as breaking windows or ringing old maid's door bells.

Most people, as has been said, like to keep a boy themselves, but all, without exception, object to their neighbors, and those who have none get even by prophesying evil things of the boy across the street. Sometimes, however, the creature turns out well, and then we all brag that we knew it when it was a boy.

### Spoiled the Scene.

Romeo De Ranter was crossing a bridge when his attention was attracted by the shrieking of someone in the murky depths below him. It being quite dark, he could not see the person who was evidently in danger; but, guided by the calls for help, he rushed to the side of the bridge, poised for a moment on the railing, and leaped into the river, shouting:

"Keep up your courage, girl! I will save you!"

Once in the water, he swam with steady strokes to her side and seized her in his strong clasp. There was but little current, and he called:

"Tell the stage-hands to shake her up a little! This scene will go bad from the front."

But the water remained calm, and he slowly dragged the dripping form of the young woman to land. With strenuous efforts he lifted her to the shore and clambered after her.

"That calcium man is rotten!" he growled. "I should have had the spotlight from the time I jumped."

Even when the people who had witnessed his feat rushed up to congratulate him on his bravery he would not listen to them, but strode off, muttering:

"And they didn't have anyone back of the set to throw up a bucket of water to make a good splash. Miserable stage-management! What is the drummer coming to, anyhow?"—"Judge."

### The Truly Great.

The truly great are not alone the ones who face the dangers of an unknown clime. Or, having died for country's sake, are made immortal by a poet's song sublime.

For sometimes it is braver still to live when life has lost all joy, when ones we love have gone and here alone we stay and long.

To leave this earth and reach our home above.

Oh! yes, 'tis braver then to smile and feel That God has left us here some work to do.

And then in finding out His will towards us, Our weight of sorrow will diminish too.

So let us feel that those who would be great Must look not for the greatest deeds alone.

But do the duty that seems small at sight, And leads to higher work if truly done.

Toronto. —MYRTLE CORCORAN.

The following advertisement, printed under the classification "Matrimony," is taken from a recent issue of the Melbourne "Argus":

"A—Marriages celebrated any denomination, by clergymen, with due solemnity, in strictest privacy, at Holt's Matrimonial Chambers, 448 Queen street, Melbourne, opposite Old Cemetery, or elsewhere, from 10 a.m. till 9 p.m. daily, Saturdays included (no notice required). Marriage fee, 10s. 6d.; or marriage, with guaranteed gold wedding ring and necessary witnesses provided, £1 1s. More costly wedding rings in stock if required. Marriage certificates supplied with above marriages are same as those supplied by leading ministers of Victoria."

### Tobogganing into a Bear.

A MEMBER of the Wellman polar expedition of 1898-9, Paul Bjoervig, is described by Mr. Walter Wellman, in "A Tragedy of the Far North," as a man of superior courage, of unexampled fortitude and of inspiring character. If there was a bit of dangerous work to do, he was sure to be the first to plunge in. He sang and laughed at his work. If he went down into a "povridge," half ice and half salt water, and was pulled out by his hair, he came up with a joke about the ice cream freezer.

One day three men were out bear-hunting on an island. Two of them had rifles, the other had none. The last was Bjoervig. They found a bear, wounded him, and chased him to the top of a glacier. There bruin stood at bay. One of the hunters went to the left, another to the right. Bjoervig laboriously mounted the ice-pile to scare the beast down where the others might get a shot. But one of the hunters became impatient, and started to climb up also. On the way he lost his footing, fell, and slid forty or fifty feet into a pocket of soft snow.

At that moment, unfortunately, Bjoervig frightened the bear. Leaving the summit of the ice-heap, the beast slipped and slid straight toward the helpless man, who was floundering up to his armpits below. Apparently the man's life was not worth a half-kroner. In a few seconds the bear would be upon him, and would tear him to pieces. The brute was wounded, furious, desperate.

Bjoervig saw what he had to do. He did not hesitate. He followed the bear. From his perch at the summit he threw himself down the precipitous slope. He rolled, fell, slipped straight down toward the big white bear. He had no weapon but an oaken skee-staff, a mere cane; nevertheless he made straight for the bear.

Down the hillock slope he came, bumping and leaping, and yelling at the top of his voice. His cries, the commotion which he raised, the vision the bear saw of a man flying down at him, frightened the beast half out of his wits; diverted his attention from the imperiled hunter to the bold pursuer.

This was what Bjoervig was working for. The bear dug his mighty claws into the ice and stopped and looked at Bjoervig, but Bjoervig could not stop. The slope was too steep, his momentum too great. He dug his hands into the crust of the snow; he tried to thrust his skee-staff deep into the surface. It was in vain. Now he was almost upon the bear; the beast crouched to spring at him. Another second and it would all be over. Crack! the rifle spoke. The man down below had had time to recover his equilibrium. Another shot and the battle was over. Bjoervig and the bear rolled down together.

"You saved my life," said the man with the gun, when Bjoervig had picked himself up.

"No, no," responded Bjoervig, whipping the snow out of his hair, "you saved mine."

### The World is Small.

Tush—after all,  
The world is small!  
With tear-swept eye  
You bid good-bye

'Midst clinking glasses raised to cheer you,  
And sail away  
To far Cathay  
To meet a man who lived just near you!

Tush—after all,  
The world is small!  
You count no cost  
Of fortune lost,  
But speed abroad to win another.  
On Sydney's strand you meet me,  
You grasp the hand  
Of some old chap—who knew your mother!

Tush—after all,  
The world is small!  
The world is small!  
You are the "dear"  
Of one—she used to go to school with!  
—R. M. Eassie in "Pall Mall Magazine."

### A Very Impolite Dog.

A MAN in New York State, writes a correspondent, is the owner of a small but pure-blooded Skye terrier, named Rex, whose intelligence is remarkable. Some of Rex's bright performances certainly are the result of reasoning power, which used to be regarded as the gift of the human family only.

Rex sleeps at the foot of his master's bed, upon a soft rug of his own. He is a dog of good habits, better behaved than many children, in fact; but, like a child, he insists upon his rights: his own spot before the fire, his own corner of the sofa, his own bed and, what is most interesting, his own bedtime.

Often in the evening when visitors remain beyond ten o'clock, Rex enters the parlor, walks anxiously about, and lies down in the very midst of the circle with a worried air that cannot be mistaken. If the visitors still remain, he will rise and yawn, then mildly whine, and with rapidly wagging tail seek his master's side and look expectantly up into his face, as if to say, "Why don't they go, so that we may retire?"

If all these tactics fail, he will drop his ears and tail and walk to the door, sometimes giving a sharp, cross bark, his whole manner indicating deep disapproval of such late hours.

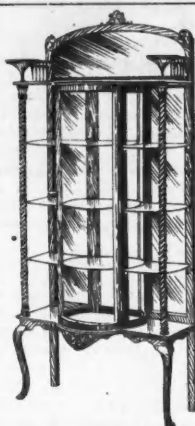
Twice in his life he has done more than to hint at his wishes on occasions of this kind.

One wet evening a stranger, who was calling upon Rex's mistress, left his rubbers near the hall door. With the privilege of an old friend, his call was extended beyond the hour for Rex's retirement. As usual, the dog displayed his sleepiness and evident opinion that the gentleman was outstaying his welcome, but no notice was taken of him until, with an air of desperation, he marched into the parlor with one of the caller's rubbers, laid it at his feet, and then quickly returned with the other, which he placed beside it. Then, with a triumphant gleam in his eyes, he backed off and stood looking at the stranger as if to say, "There! Do you understand that hint?"

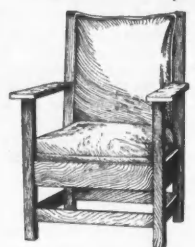
His second exploit was even more remarkable. On this occasion a half-dozen people had been playing whist with his master and mistress. When the game was over, between ten and eleven o'clock, they still stood or sat about the room, engaged in conversation.

Rex was tired, and thoroughly out of

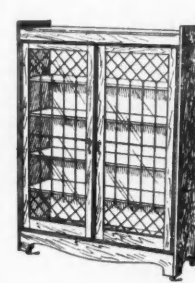
ROGERS' 97 YONGE STREET



No. 1700—Parlor Cabinet, bent glass door, plate glass shelves, plate mirror back. \$49.00



No. 9103—Mission Chair in weathered oak, and Spanish leather cushions. \$31.00



No. 2285—Book-Case, 3 ft. 11 in. wide, 4 ft. 3 in. high, with leaded glass doors, weathered oak. \$27.00 Solid Mahogany. \$34.00

In Drawing-Room Furniture, and Sideboards, Extension Tables, Buffets, Dining Chairs, etc., we show a great variety at most reasonable prices.

THE CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO., Limited, 97 Yonge St.

## Rogers' Spring Offerings In Fine Furniture

Our spring stocks are now complete and we extend you a cordial invitation to come and see the many new and beautiful things in furniture and upholstery displayed on our floors.

Here are a few cuts illustrative of some special values on sale while the supply lasts:



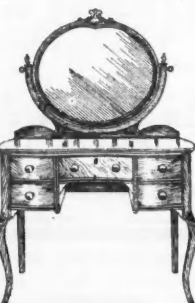
No. 65—Wire frame Easy Chair, with spring back, seat and arms. In Pantosote leather. \$19.50 Genuine leather. \$34.00



No. 7—Morris Chair, in golden or weathered oak, hair stuffed reversible cushions in corduroy or tapestry. \$18



No. 106—Library Table 34 in. x 26 in. quarter cut oak, golden or weathered. \$4.50



No. 10—Dressing Table, 3 ft. 2 in. wide, in golden oak or mahogany veneer polished, British plate bevelled mirror 22 in. x 26 in. \$25.00

## A CHANCE FOR CLEVER PEOPLE

It should be easy for people who drink delicious Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea to say something that will induce their friends to try it.

# \$545.00 in Cash Prizes

Twenty-five cash Prizes will be awarded in order of merit to those sending in the best advertisements for Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea.

First Prize	- - - -	\$200.00
Second Prize	- - - -	100.00
Third Prize	- - - -	40.00
4th to 13th Prizes	\$10.00 each	100.00
14th to 25th	\$5.00 each	60.00
		\$500.00

In addition, beginning with the week ending April 4, a special weekly prize of \$5.00 will be given to the one sending in the best advertisement during that week, making for the nine weeks \$45.00 in special prizes, or a grand total of thirty-four cash prizes, \$545.

### CONDITIONS

- 1st. No professional ad. writer, nor anyone connected directly or indirectly with the Blue Ribbon Tea Company may compete.
- 2nd. Advertisements must not contain more than 50 words, and shorter ones are preferable.
- 3rd. One of the cards used in packing Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea—there are two in each package—must be enclosed with each batch of advertisements sent.
- 4th. The competition closes June 1, 1903, and all competing advertisements must reach one of the following addresses on or before that date.

Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Winnipeg, Man.  
Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Toronto, Ont.  
Blue Ribbon Tea Co., Vancouver, B.C.

- 5th. No person shall be awarded more than one of the main prizes, but may also take one or more weekly prizes.
- 6th. In case of a tie, decision will be based on all the advertisements by the competitors in question.

Mr. H. M. E. Evans, of the Winnipeg Telegram, has kindly consented to the advertisements and award prizes.

All advertisements that fail to win a prize, but which are good enough to be accepted for publication will be paid for at the rate of \$1.00 each.

Unless expressly requested to the contrary, we will consider ourselves at liberty to publish the names of prize winners.

A good advertisement should be truthful and contain an idea brightly and forcibly expressed. A bona fide signed letter with address and date from one who has tested the tea, is a good form. An advertisement for an article of food should not associate with it, even by contrast, any unpleasant idea. The best advertisement is the one that will induce the most people to try the article advertised.

Seek your Inspiration in a Cup of Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea and the Money is yours.

humor. No one seemed to give a thought to him, and nothing that he could do attracted any attention. There were too many visitors to urge them all to depart by producing their overshoes, even if they wore them, but a brilliant idea came to him. He dashed upstairs to the sleeping-rooms, seized his master's night-

gown, which lay ready for use upon the bed, and, dragging it behind him, spread it at his master's feet in the parlor below, in full view of the assembled guests. This stratagem was a brilliant success. Amid shouts of laughter and the consternation of the master, the callers said good-night.







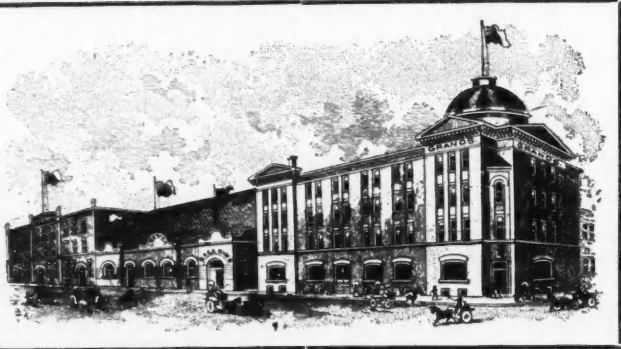
## THE Bellows Top Suit Case

is a clever idea perfectly worked out. It is simply the regular size Suit Case with the bellows on one side, so that the capacity may be doubled at your will. There is also a division in the center with shirt pocket attached. It is made of the best quality of leather in all colors, with solid brass spring lock and bolts.

PRICES—\$14,  
\$15, \$16, \$17.

For out-of-town buyers our Catalogue S will prove useful. It shows everything that is new in the way of **Traveling and Leather Goods.**

**The JULIAN SALE**  
Leather Goods Co., Limited  
105 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO



## "The Repository"

Cor. Simcoe and Nelson Sts., Toronto  
WALTER HARLAND SMITH, Proprietor

## Headquarters of Prize Winners

FINE CARRIAGES FINE HARNESS  
FINE SADDLERY STABLE UTENSILS

For Private Sale Every Day

Regular Auction Sales Every  
Tuesday and Friday at 11.00

### Social and Personal.

Mrs. (Dr.) Parent of Ottawa spent Easter with her mother, Mrs. Benson, and her niece, Mrs. I. McMillan, of Ger-rard street.

Miss Hill's splendid lantern views of the Coronation and Indian Durbar have surprised and delighted all who have seen them. They are exceptionally bright and vivid, and are colored with great effect. A chance to see them again was had at Conservatory Music Hall last (Friday) evening. The proceeds were in aid of St. Alban's.

A pretty luncheon is on for one day next week, at which the girl guests are "les fiancées," recently announced as having succumbed to the wiles of Dan Cupid. It will be impossible for any guest to poke fun at any other, as each fair girl will be under the same advantage or disadvantage.

The sale of work from the Industrial Rooms will be held at Mrs. Winnett's home, 198 Beverley street, on next Tuesday afternoon. Beside the work, which is as good as the material, there will be candies (home-made) and flowers for sale and five o'clock tea will be served.

Miss Lena M. Hayes, who is desirous of spending some time in Europe perfecting herself in her art, and who is now an excellent violinist, will give a recital next Saturday evening in Conservatory Hall. Miss Hayes wants to leave for England in June, and her friends will have an excellent opportunity of speeding her departure by a large attendance at and interest in her recital on May 2. Miss Dora McMurtry, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp and Mrs. H. M. Blight are to assist, and the following ladies have kindly consented to act as patronesses: Mrs. Strathay, Mrs. Byron E. Walker, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mrs. Schoenberger, Mrs. Auguste Bolte and Miss Dallas.

A very pleasant event took place on Tuesday night, when the Art Literary Society of fourteen young girls held their annual dinner at the residence of Miss Stark, Sherbourne street. The gathering was a fitting conclusion, with toast and song, of the season's work.

Mrs. Patriarche, who has been spending some months in Toronto, will shortly return to New York. Miss Gladys Patriarche, after a very pleasant visit

in Winnipeg, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Patriarche, joining her in Saratoga about the end of April.

Mrs. C. B. Glass has returned to her home in Parkdale, much improved in health. Kindly nursing and able care at Dr. Meyers' Hospital, Deer Park, have done much towards complete recovery.

Miss Mabel S. Hicks, the well-known pianist, has returned to town after a delightful Easter vacation spent in Stratford.

Mrs. Harry E. Baine of Ottawa, with her little son, is in town, the guest of her mother, for a month.

Mrs. C. Victor Harding (nee Money-penny) will receive for the first time since her marriage at her home, 70 Henry street, on Friday, May 1st, and afterwards on the first and third Wednesdays of each month.

Mr. Cliff Marshall, 623 Sherbourne street, will return from New York at the end of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Everist of 103 Dowling avenue have sent out invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Edith Thomasiah Everist and Mr. Charles Frederick Thorne. The happy event takes place next Wednesday evening at the family residence at eight o'clock.

The afternoon tea and musical, which was arranged in aid of Indian mission work by Miss Dickson, for yesterday afternoon in St. George's Hall, was one of the popular functions of the week. The volunteer waitresses, some of Toronto's prettiest girls, in caps and aprons, were a great attraction.

Among the charming girls who went up from Toronto to the Riding Club ball in Hamilton last week, Miss Mary Davidson, in white satin and lace, Miss Mollie Waldie in white satin, with lily of the valley bouquet, Miss Mara in pale pink, with eury lace insertions, and Miss MacKeggie in a black lace gown with velvet applique over white, and bouquet of red roses, were some of the most admired. A feature of the dance was the abundance of fine pictures lent by friends and members of the Riding Club, many thousands of dollars' worth of sporting pictures adorning the walls.

Lady Tilley of St. John is spending some time in Toronto, accompanied by

## Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

### Gerhard Heintzman

#### Satisfaction.

The possessor of a Gerhard Heintzman Piano secures something more than its beauty of tone, excellence of design and durability of construction. Far above all these evidences of mechanical perfection there is that intangible something that our musicians have well named "Gerhard Heintzman satisfaction," the consciousness of owning the best.

### Gerhard Heintzman

#### Tone.

The constant aim of Mr. Gerhard Heintzman is to have the tone of every piano most closely resemble the purest type of human voice in its singing quality. So the name of Gerhard Heintzman is most appreciated by the public and is inseparably linked with the genuinely artistic in musical life.

*We need the room occupied by three Cabinet Grand Gerhard Heintzman pianos, which have been used a few times for concerts during the recent busy concert season. It would be unjust to call any of these "second-hand"—our assertion is the only evidence that they are not new. Will you examine them, or shall we send you illustrations and special prices?*

### GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING,

188 Yonge Street, Toronto

*Not the oldest but the best known piano house in Toronto.*

Art Dept Canadian Magazine



## WHAT SEEDS DO YOU USE?

HUMAN nature is pretty much the same all over—everybody looking for a chance to buy things cheap. The everlasting rush for bargains is well enough in its way, but you can't afford to juggle in regard to seeds. Weeks and months of time and energy will be wasted if you get poor ones and the only safe way is to insist on

## STEELE, BRIGGS' SEEDS

THE KIND THAT GROW!

Never any disappointment with them. We charge what good seeds are worth to begin with, and keep the business on a solid foundation by improving the quality year after year. We have enormously the biggest trade of any seed house in Canada. Such things don't happen by chance.

All kinds for farm and garden on sale by all reliable dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue and place orders early. Insist on Steele, Briggs' Seeds, and avoid all substitutes.

THE STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., LIMITED  
"Canada's Greatest Seed House"

BRANCH STORE  
WINNIPEG, MAN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Mrs. Fuller decorated the supper table with the colors of the club, green and scarlet, and the idea of a sporty and smart dance was fully carried out.

The engagement of Mr. Charles Plummer, second son of Mr. James Plummer of Toronto, and Miss Ida Kortright, daughter of the late Sir Cornelius and Lady Kortright, is announced.

Mr. Eddis and his household have removed from Rosedale to 531 Sherbourne street.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowbotham will remove next week to 86 Spadina road, which residence they have leased for the summer.

Lady Tilley of St. John is spending some time in Toronto, accompanied by

Miss Toller of Ottawa. She has taken apartments at Peregrine Hall, Maitland street.

Lord Dundonald, G.O.C. the forces in Canada, and Captain Newton, A.D.C., were in town to attend the funeral of the late Sir Oliver Mowat on Wednesday. Lord Dundonald was a guest at the Queen's.

The students of Central Ontario School of Art and Design have sent out cards for an At Home at the Art Gallery next Thursday evening at eight o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Bull have returned from the South.

Society night at McConkey's brought the usual smart turnout of diners, and among others Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of

Clover Hill and Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald entertained parties. Music, as usual, brightened the evening.

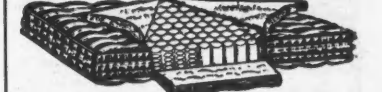
During the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Molson Macpherson a number of smart little affairs were given in their honor.

The sale of boxes for the Horse Show took place at McConkey's on Thursday afternoon, when a smart lot of purchasers were present for the sale. Five o'clock tea was served to the party, and the rooms were filled. The sale took place in those salons de luxe known as the Nile and Rose rooms. The prices are far ahead of former sales and Mr. Beardmore paid \$140 for the choice.

The other day, I was privileged to see some of Mrs. Agar Adamson's beautiful and artistic enamelling on copper, the latest departure of this versatile and

most successful woman. Mrs. Adamson does lovely work and has some very taking specimens which I rather am under the impression she would dispose of, as she is accumulating pieces more than she cares to have mounted. As covers for boxes, or panels in miniature cabinets, the ones I saw are most lovely. While in Cork at the Exhibition last summer, I happened upon the revival of this old Irish art industry, and spent some time in learning about it from the students and teacher working in the Exhibition. The work I saw the other day which Mrs. Adamson learned in the Handicraft Schools in London, England, was very superior to that exhibited in Cork and will appeal to all lovers of that sort of thing.

### ONLY VENTILATED MATTRESS



### Have You Anyone Sick?

Get them a "Marshall Sanitary" Mattress.

Only bed for invalids. Better and cheaper than a water bed. Never sags or gets hard.

### BEST FOR EVERYBODY

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co.

250 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

Phone—Main 4333. Send for Booklet.

Factories—Toronto, Ont., Chicago, Ill., London, Eng.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births.

McLellan—April 14, Toronto, Mrs. Wm. McLellan, a daughter.  
Stockford—April 17, Elora, Mrs. C. W. Stockford, a son.  
Scott—April 12, Oshawa, Ont., Mrs. C. W. Scott, a son.  
Gibson—April 15, Toronto, Mrs. Jesse Gibson, a son.  
Smith—April 15, Toronto, Mrs. J. Currie Smith, a daughter.  
Stoddart—April 9, Bradford, Mrs. George W. Stoddart, a son.  
Thompson—April 7, Toronto, Mrs. T. C. Thompson, a son.  
Bright—April 22, Toronto, Mrs. W. M. Bright, a son.  
Goss—April 6, Elliott's, P.E.I., Mrs. James H. Goss, a daughter.  
Gregory—April 19, Toronto, Mrs. W. D. Gregory, a daughter.  
Whyte—April 22, Toronto, Mrs. J. S. Whyte, a daughter.  
Kaye—April 20, York, Mrs. J. Fred Kaye, a daughter.  
Corner—April 20, Toronto, Mrs. A. J. Corner, a son.  
Strickland—April 18, Pembroke, Ont., Mrs. P. D.E. Strickland, a son.

#### Marriages.

Ramsay—Howell—On Saturday, April 11, at the Brant Avenue Methodist Church, Brantford, by Rev. G. K. Adams, Pearl A. Howell to Charles F. Ramsay.  
Moffat—Hamilton—April 15, Toronto, John R. Moffat to Stella Gertrude Hamilton.  
Lundy—Somerville—April 15, Toronto, Chas. E. Lundy to Annie Ethel Somerville.  
Nelles—Kline—April 15, Davenport, Toronto Junction, Roland Clifford Nelles to Ella Violet Kline.  
Kennedy—Steele—April 15, Markham, Thomas Kennedy, M.A., to Alice May Steele.  
Lalor—Cope—April 15, Oakland, Cal., John M. Lalor to Grace P. Cope.  
Cowan—Giles—April 15, Toronto, Thos. A. Cowan to Hilda Giles.  
Webster—Langton—April 20, Toronto, John Paterson Webster to Helen Langton.  
Mabee—Decker—April 22, Toronto, James E. Mabee, M.D., to Beatrice R. Decker, A.T.C.M.  
Brown—Johnson—April 14, Toronto, Thos. H. Brown to Charlotte A. Johnson.  
Scott—Hart—April 15, Redlands, Cal., Rev. James S. Scott to Ethel H. Hart.  
Bigelow—Sibbald—April 15, "Melrose," George Edgar Bigelow to Minnie Elsie Sibbald.  
Smith—Ball—April 14, Toronto, Wanton Stanley Smith to Amy Beatrice Ball.  
Peirce—Huff—April 14, Rochester, N.Y., George Hamilton Peirce to Minnie Huff.  
Wilton—Wilson—April 15, Hamilton, Robt. Frederick Wilton to Crissie Wilson.  
Mercer—Hamilton—April 14, Toronto, Albert J. Mercer to Sadie Horton Hamilton.  
Combe—Dunsmore—April 15, Mitchell, Hugh Barry Combe to Julia Isabel Dunsmore.

#### Deaths.

Mowat—At Government House, Toronto, April 19, Sir Oliver Mowat, K.C., P.C., G.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, in the 83rd year of his age.  
Ferrier—April 19, Islington, John C. Ferrier, aged 81 years.  
Frank—April 21, Toronto, Mrs. Mary A. Frank.  
Scott—April 20, Redlands, Cal., Mrs. Ethel Hamilton Hart Scott.  
Acton—April 21, Toronto, Mary Anna Acton, aged 82 years.  
Elliston—April 21, Richmond Hill, John Elliston, aged 56 years.  
Dunn—April 19, Toronto, Mrs. Kesia Carrie Dunn, aged 6 years.  
Minor—Toronto, Morgan J. Minor, aged 61 years.  
Alexander—April 18, Toronto, Mrs. Robt. Alexander.  
Brown—April 18, Toronto, Abner Henry Brown, aged 73 years.  
Baldwin—April 18, Toronto, Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Baldwin.  
Blong—April 17, Toronto, George Blong, aged 27 years.  
Billings—April 16, Whitby, Mrs. Elmira Billings.  
Hewitt—April 17, Toronto, Mrs. Rosina Hewitt, aged 57 years.  
Montzambert—April 9, Montreal, Mrs. Janie Miller Montzambert.  
Scott—April 16, Los Angeles, Cal., W. T. Scott, aged 61 years.  
Stark—April 16, Toronto, Mrs. Charlotte Stark, aged 64 years.

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